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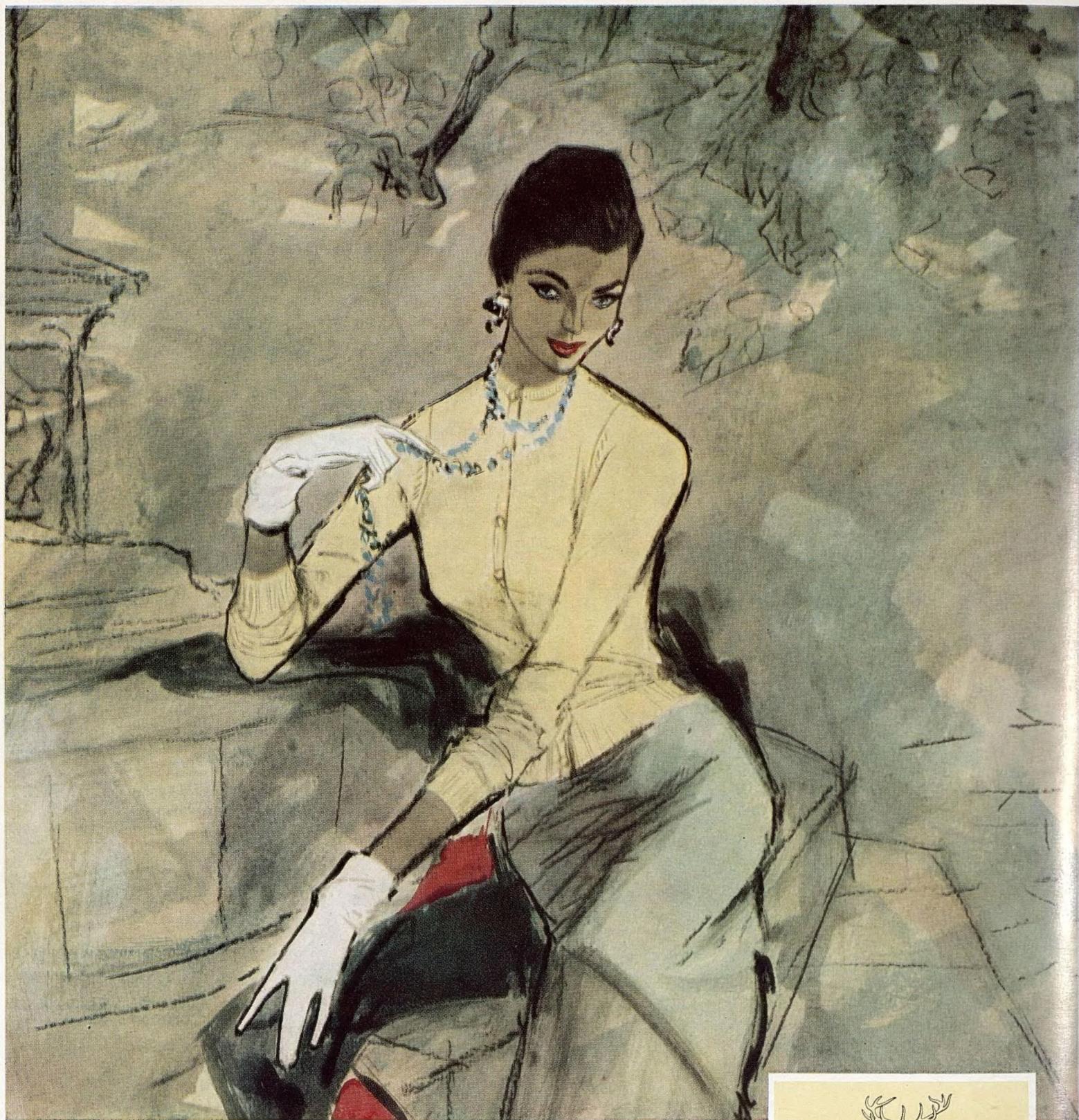
& BYSTANDER

MAY 22, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS TESSA MILNE



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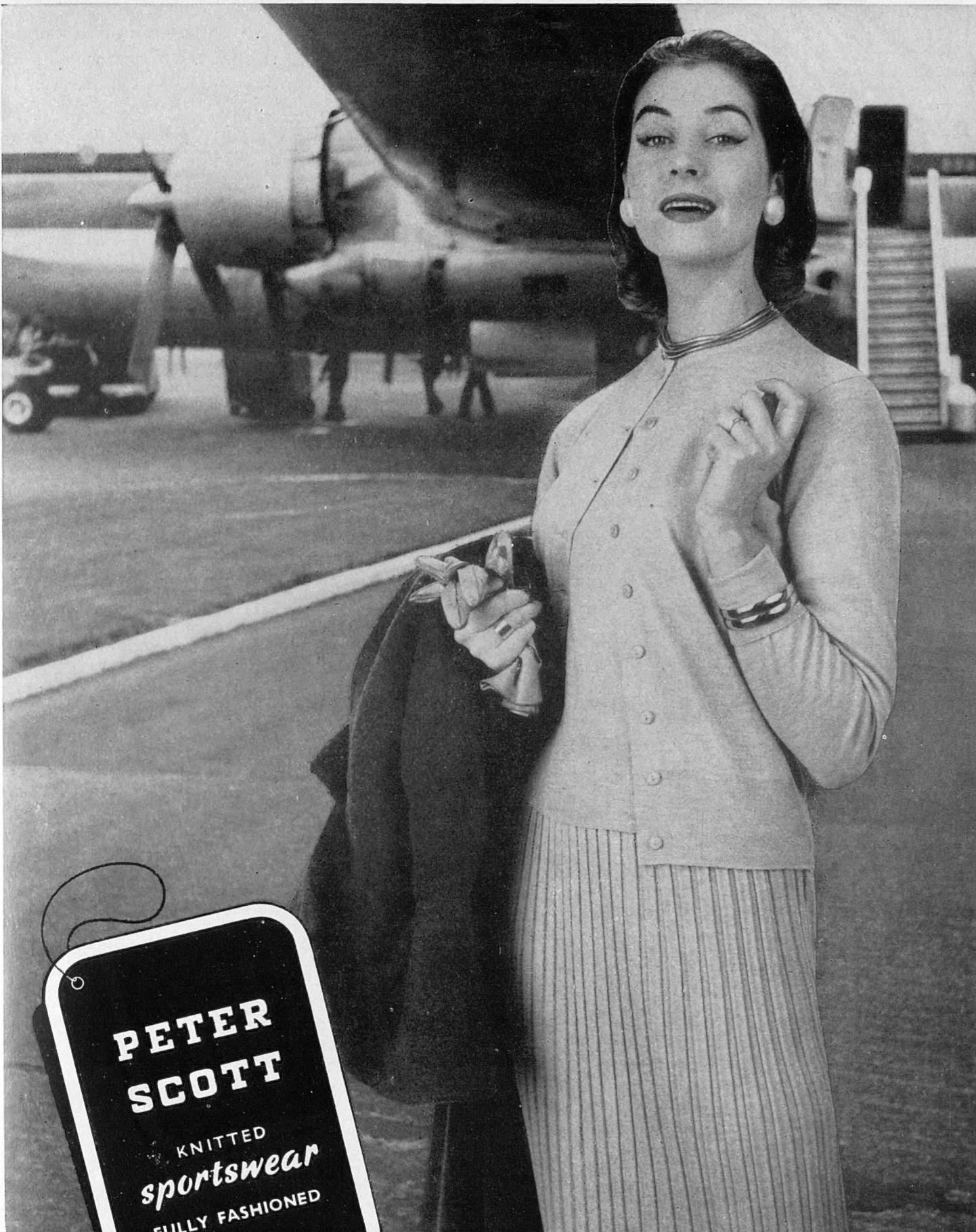
Taylor-Woods

LINGERIE

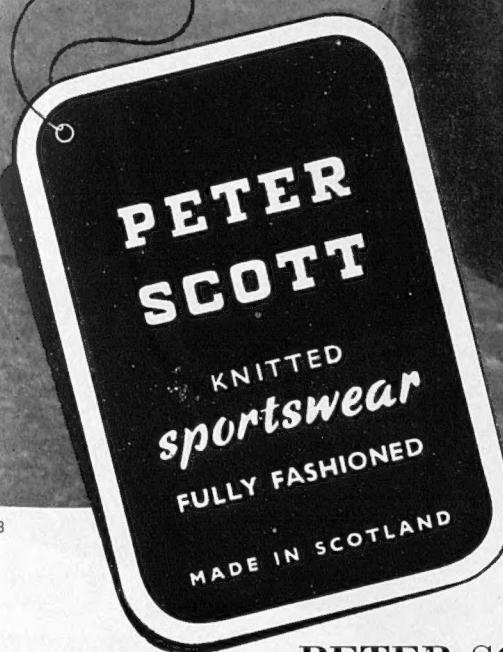
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 22 to May 29



MISS TESSA MILNE is the debutante daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Alan Milne, of Groom Place, Belgrave Square. Before her presentation in April this year, she visited the art galleries in France and Italy; her other interests are dress designing, languages and the ballet, and her favourite sports tennis and golf. Her coming-out dance will take place next Monday, May 27

May 22 (Wed.) Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Show (to 25th), Balmoral, Belfast.
Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Senior for Miss Deirdre Senior at Claridge's; Navy League dinner-dance at the Dorchester.
Racing at York and Salisbury.

May 23 (Thu.) Princess Alexandra will attend the Festival Ball of the Royal Empire Society at their headquarters in Northumberland Avenue.
Dance: Lady Cecil Douglas and Mrs. Rawlings for Miss Susan Douglas and Miss Patricia Rawlings at Claridge's.
The Philippine Society of London's dinner-dance at the Dorchester.
Racing at York and Salisbury.

May 24 (Fri.) Royal Ocean Racing Club race, Southsea/Harwich.
Dance: The Hon. Lady Sachs for her daughter Miss Katharine Sachs at 6 Belgrave Square.
Royal Society of St. George (City of London branch) dinner-dance at Grosvenor House.
Anglo-Argentine Ball at the Savoy.
Racing at Lingfield Park.

May 25 (Sat.) Cricket: Nottinghamshire v. West Indies (and 27th, 28th), Trent Bridge, Nottingham.
Dance: Lady Rawlinson, Mrs. Bryan Case and Mrs. Ellis Thistleton-Smith (small dance) for Miss Sarah Rawlinson, Miss Victoria Case and Miss Joanna Thistleton-Smith, at Heydon Hall, Norwich.
Racing at Lingfield Park, Newcastle, Hamilton Park and Leicester.

May 26 (Sun.) Cricket: Law Society v. British Medical Association at Hurlingham.
Polo at Smith's Lawn, Windsor and Cowdray Park.
Concerts: Royal Festival Hall (Beethoven Cycle), London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Josef

Krips, soloist Claudio Arrau, at 7.30 p.m.; Royal Albert Hall, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Sir Adrian Boult, soloists Yehudi and Hepzibah Menuhin, at 7.30 p.m.

May 27 (Mon.) Golf: Amateur Championship (to June 1), Formby, Lancashire.
Cocktail Party: Lady Ley, Mrs. Cornwall-Legh and Mrs. Rupert Smithers for Miss Annabel Ley, Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh and Miss Joanna Smithers, on the river in London.
Dances: Mrs. Alan Milne for Miss Tessa Milne at 20 Groom Place, Belgrave Square; Mrs. Henry Whitefield for Miss Diana Whitefield, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
Racing at Hamilton Park, Leicester and Brighton.

May 28 (Tue.) Dance: Lady Diana Tiarks and Mrs. Henry Tiarks for Miss Tania Tiarks and Miss Henrietta Tiarks at Claridge's.
Racing at Brighton.

May 29 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit Cambridge.

Bath and West and Southern Counties Show (to June 1), Swindon.

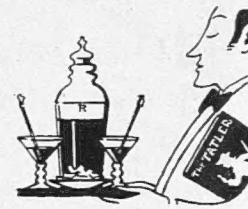
Cricket: M.C.C. v. Club Cricket Conference (two days), at Lord's.

First night: *Richard III* at the Old Vic.

Dance: Mrs. Christopher Kevill-Davies for Miss Anne Kevill-Davies at 6 Belgrave Square.

Red Cross Ball at Mansion House; Masked Ball in aid of the British Cancer Campaign at the May Fair Hotel.

Racing at Catterick Bridge, Lincoln and Windsor.



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TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXXIV. No. 2915

MAY 22

1957

The
TATLER
& BYSTANDER



Portrait from Italy at the Academy

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM WATSON-ARMSTRONG, formerly Baroness Maria Teresa du Four Chiodelli Manzoni, was painted in Florence by Pietro Annigoni; this portrait is on show in the Summer Exhibition at the Royal

Academy. Her husband is the son and heir of Lord Armstrong; he is an Underwriting Member of Lloyd's and served in the Scots Guards during the war. The Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong live in Knightsbridge



Margherita, Lady Howard de Walden, the Ball President, watching Lady Churchill receive a piece of cake from her granddaughter, Miss Edwina Sandy's

Miss Elizabeth Baring, Lady Susan Waldegrave, Lady Meriel Douglas-Home and Miss Mary Ann Campbell-Preston were among the debutantes at the Ball



Mrs. Henry Tiarks with Miss Henrietta Tiarks

Miss Lorna Lyle, Miss Gail Clyde and Lady Daphne Cadogan

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL, one of the traditional highlights of the London Season, was this year attended by over three hundred debutantes, 150 of whom were successful in the ballot drawn to choose the Maids of Honour. These processed to the March from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," drew in the birthday cake and curtsied to the Guest of Honour, Lady Churchill

Photographs by A. V. Swabé





The Maids of Honour bringing in the cake, which is lit with candles to represent the anniversary of Queen Charlotte's birthday



Miss Sarah Johnstone and Mr.
Richard Redmayne



Miss Jacqueline Ansley and Mr.
Albert Utton



Miss Francesca Roberti and Mr.
Robert Buxton

Mr. John Brewer and Miss Jenny
Oxley-Boyle

Mrs. Alan Milne and her daughter
Miss Tessa Milne

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss
Daphne Fairbanks





MR. & MRS. DAVID AINSWORTH with their attendants, after their wedding described below. At the back, the Misses Mary Mount and J. Smith-Bingham; the Marquess of Waterford, best man. On right Miss Sonia Pilkington and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin. Front, Miss Valerie Maxwell and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, and, right, Miss Rose Lycett Green and Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan

Social Journal

Jennifer

AN ANGLO-IRISH WEDDING

MANY friends from the hunting, racing and polo world, some over from Ireland, came to the wedding of Mr. David Ainsworth, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, and Miss Sarah Walford, daughter of the late Col. "Chicken" Walford and Mrs. B. J. Fowler. This took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where the Bishop of Meath officiated assisted by the Rev. D. C. Gray.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Simon Walford, 17/21st Lancers, looked radiant in a lovely Victorian style dress of white peau de soie with a short full skirt forming a train, which had been designed and made in Dublin by the Irish designer Irene Gilbert. A halo of lilies of the valley held her short tulle veil in place. Blue and white was the colour scheme. The two pages, Viscount Slane and Charles Coaker, wore blue velvet trousers with white organdie shirts. While the child bridesmaids, Jessica Fowler, Annabel Walford, Sarah Elwes and the Hon. Angela Hemphill, wore white organdie dresses with blue sashes.

THE older bridesmaids, Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Miss Mary Mount and Miss Rose Lycett-Green (who had broken her collar-bone and had her arm in a sling), wore white paper-taffeta dresses with blue satin streamers flowing at the back. They all wore headaddresses of blue flowers. The Marquess of Waterford was best man and after the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, asked everyone to join in

wishing David and Sarah good luck and happiness, to which the bridegroom responded with two words only—"Thank you!"

At the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where Mrs. Walford and Lady Ainsworth received the guests, I saw the bridegroom's father, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, the bride's stepfather, Brig. Fowler, Sir Barry Domville, Capt. and Mrs. R. Elwes, Lt.-Col. Anthony Murray Smith Master of the Quorn hounds, and his wife, Major and Mrs. Borwick, Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, Col. and Mrs. J. H. Walford and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Walford.

I ALSO saw Mr. Tom Nickalls talking to Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Sir Richard and Lady Hull, the Earl and Countess of Mount Charles, whose little son, Viscount Slane, was fulfilling the duties of page for the second time in three days, Major Michael Beaumont, joint-Master of the Kildare hounds, Major Philip Profumo, joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Lord and Lady Hemphill, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy, Brig. and Mrs. Willie Wyatt, Major and Mrs. James Maxwell, Mrs. John Riley, over from Germany on a short visit and talking to her nephew Sir Thomas Pilkington, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. Victor Hoare, Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Ian Cameron, Miss Carol Pease, Brig. and Mrs. Dominick Browne, Major and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont and her brother Major Sutton, Mrs. Thomson-Jones, Mrs. Jean Garland with Mrs. Gosling, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. FitzHerbert Wright, the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, Mrs. Peter Dollar, the Hon. Mrs. du Buisson and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, whose daughter Mary was a bridesmaid.

CHESTER Race Week seemed a greater social occasion than ever this year, and the members' enclosure was packed each day. The racing on the "Roodee" was excellent, too. On the first day the Queen added to her list of successes this season by winning the Cheshire Oaks with her nice filly Mulberry Harbour, trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. Everyone hoped she would also win the famous Chester Cup next day with Atlas, but he only managed to finish second to Mr. F. J. Honour's Curry, who made all the running. The Queen, however, will receive a fifty-pound Cheshire cheese, which the race company present to the owners of the first, second and third in this race.

The Earl of Rosebery, who is one of the Stewards, was present with the Countess of Rosebery, who looked charming in a grey coat and little red hat. Lord Rosebery's good horse Donald was just beaten by a short head in the Chester Vase by Mr. Frank More-O'Ferrall's King Babar from Ireland, but he was compensated on the second day when his very nice home-bred two-year-old Ruthin won the first race in convincing style. It was good to see the Earl of Derby racing again, happily recovered from his recent illness. The Countess of Derby was there, too, well wrapped up in a mink coat against the cold wind.

Others I saw included Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme and the Hon. Susan Lever, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Blandford and Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, who I saw in the paddock with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg. One of Lord Allendale's horses, trained by Jack Jervis who had three winners at the meeting, won on the first day. I met Countess Cathcart wearing a jaunty little yellow hat with her grey suit. She was staying with her brother-in-law and sister, Col. Basil Eugster, who is Commandant at Eaton Hall, and Mrs. Eugster. Major the Hon. Julian Berry, who is soon off to Cyprus to command "the Blues," and his very attractive wife were also staying with the Eugsters.

SIR ADRIAN JARVIS was again staying with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead, who is also High Sheriff of Denbigh this year, and Mrs. Williams. They were receiving many inquiries after their first grandchild, the first son of their eldest daughter Mrs. Ivan Lynch, who was born in May where Capt. Lynch is with his regiment the Rifle Brigade. I met Mrs. Alan Noble, the Hon. James and the Hon. Mrs. Philipps, Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Lord and Lady Kenyon, Sir Richard and Lady Williams-Bulkeley, Col. and Mrs. Dick Verdin who had a big house party, including Mr. William and Lady Belinda Dugdale, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fyfe. Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton brought their party, who included Gifford and Lady Fox, and Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H. Others enjoying this very well run and enjoyable meeting were Mr. and Mrs. Toller, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro, Mr. and Mrs. John Midwood, the Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Lady Anne Holland-Martin in a pink coat, Sir Petre, Capt. Darby Rogers who flew over from Ireland, Mrs. Weston who ran her horse Breathlessly Smart in the Chester Cup, Lady Margaret Van Cutsem, Lord Belper, Miss Monica Gifford, Lord and Lady Mostyn, Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Sir Edward Hanmer who was one of the stewards, and Lady Hanmer,

[Continued overleaf]



Captain D. Black, the Hon. Diana Herbert and Miss Charlotte Bowater at the Ainsworth-Walford wedding



Mr. David Bailey with Mrs. Alan Henderson

Lord and Lady Edward Fitzroy



Miss Caroline Judd and Mr. Roger Bramble



Miss B. Kinnahan, Miss P. O'Kelly and Mr. J. Macdonald-Buchanan



Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith and Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt.



Mrs. B. J. Fowler and Lady Ainsworth



MR. FRANCIS DASHWOOD, son of Sir John and Lady Dashwood, watches his bride, formerly Miss Victoria de Rutzen, offer a sip from an antique tankard to James Bruce, the bridegroom's nephew, who was a page at their wedding

Sir Eric Ohlson, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Hotham, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Heaton who, as every year, had a big party of friends in for tea or drinks at their charming home Rhuâl on Cup day.

I came straight down from Chester after racing to be in time to attend the Pied Piper's Ball.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a bead embroidered white evening dress, dined with Col. and Mrs. John Ward and came on with them to the Pied Piper's Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. This ball is organized annually in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which H.R.H. is President. Mrs. John Ward was chairman of the ball, which this year beat all previous records, and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who was also in Mrs. Ward's party, was the President. Her husband, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was too busy and unable to get away from the House of Commons to attend, but others in the party included the Spanish Ambassador, Lord and Lady Lloyd, the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, Mr. Billy Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. John Profumo.

When I arrived there was a tremendous crowd trying their luck at the tombola where I saw Lady Sarah Cadogan working very efficiently. Incidentally, the committee collected over six hundred prizes which business firms had very generously given for the ball. Miss Penny Knowles was in charge of "a bevy of beauty," selling programmes. They included Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Fiona Sheffield, Miss Jennifer Stratton, Miss June Ducas, Miss Daphne Fairbanks and Miss Francesca Roberti. Among those who brought parties were the deputy chairman, Mrs. Rupert de Zoete, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael who had Lord and Lady Chesham and Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic with them, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower and her daughter Miss Amanda Fisher, and Mrs. Gerard Hodgkinson who had a party of sixteen including Sir Charles and Lady Taylor, whose eldest son Mr. Max Taylor, now up at Trinity College, Cambridge, is one of the most charming young men at dances this season. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Gibbs were in a party of ten including Miss Rosemary Norrie, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston and Capt. Nicholas Gibbs, and the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston who I met arriving with Lord and Lady Hacking, had another table. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Negretti were in their party.

There were about 800 guests so the ballroom was packed and supper was served in the restaurant. Among the younger guests I saw Mr. Jocelyn Stevens and his wife, who was looking very attractive

trying their luck at the tombola, Miss Caroline Butler who collected together a table of young friends including Miss Kirsty Sellar, very pretty in white, Miss Heather McMullen, Mr. Michael Butler and Mr. David Lloyd. Also Mr. Peter Glossop, Miss Evelyn Palmers, who had a party of ten young friends, Miss Tessa Kaye, Miss Wendy Raphael and Miss Heather Turner-Laing, who together had a party of young friends, and the Hon. Clodagh Morris and her brother Michael who had another young party, including Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams and Mr. Richard Graham.

★ ★ ★

SINCE Margherita Lady Howard de Walden took over the Presidency of the Queen Charlotte Ball for débutantes, it has become a greater success than ever. This year again, tickets were sold out early in the New Year. Each year Lady Howard de Walden has invited some personality of charm and interest as guest of honour, and to cut the giant birthday cake. This year it was Lady Churchill, a very appropriate choice, not only because she has more charm than most ladies in the land, but also because her eldest granddaughter, Miss Edwina Sandys, is among the débutantes this year. Lady Howard de Walden, who has a large family of a son and five daughters, also had one of her numerous granddaughters, Miss Evelyn Heathcote-Amory, at the ball.

About two hundred débutantes, all in their long white evening dresses, came down the wide stairs each side of the giant ballroom to the strains of the famous air from *Judas Maccabaeus*, which is played annually at this ball, and made their curtsey simultaneously to Lady Churchill. It is a most picturesque scene and has become a tradition of the British débutante's season.

The ball raises invaluable funds for the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital and the Chelsea Hospital for Women. Among the 1957 Maids of Honour were Miss Jennifer Harrap, Miss Virginia Makins, Miss Charlotte Croy, Miss Sally Bealey, Miss Sandra Manassei, Miss Clarissa Caccia, Miss Venetia Flower, Miss Elizabeth Cartwright, Miss Sarah Legard, the twins Miss Amanda and Miss Georgina Heyman, Miss Judy Pode, Miss Victoria Trubshaw and Miss Caroline Nicholls, whose father Sir John Nicholls has now left Belgrade to take up his appointment as our Ambassador to Yugoslavia.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Windsor Great Park for the opening of the Household Brigade Polo Club's season on Smith's Lawn. There was a tremendous attendance in spite of the day being overcast and a sharp north-east wind blowing. The Queen sat in the small glass-sided pavilion with Prince Charles and Princess Anne watching the matches. In the interval they, like everyone else present, took the keenest interest in the detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police who, a picturesque sight in their scarlet tunics, rode right round the ground.

In the first match, the Welsh Guards v. the Red Jackets, Prince Philip was playing at number three for the Welsh Guards. He played extremely well and scored three of the six goals which gave the Welsh Guards a six to two-and-a-half goal victory over the Red Jackets. I could not stay for the second match as I had to get back for another engagement in London, but it resulted in a win for Swallet House who defeated Warren Mere by four goals to one. New stands have been erected since last year, and the car parking arrangements were excellent; for anyone wanting an enjoyable afternoon in the country here is the answer. Polo will be played here every weekend (and even evening during Royal Ascot week) up to September 1.

★ ★ ★

I ALWAYS say that I think the Royal Windsor Horse Show is the best run show and the most enjoyable of the whole season. This year was no exception. I, alas, owing to Chester race week and other engagements, could only spare time to go down for the one evening performance, on the Friday. Happily it was fine and warm and the magnificence and beauty of Windsor Castle in the background stood out more pronouncedly than ever in the setting sun.

The Queen, wearing a mink coat over her dress, accompanied by Prince Philip and Princess Margaret, with Lord Plunket in waiting, motored down from the Castle, and were met on arrival at the Royal Enclosure by the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Show, and Mr. Geoffrey Cross the chairman. They arrived in time to see the judging of the Hack Championship, and the Queen walked into the ring to present the challenge cup to the winner, Mr. H. Tatlow riding Miss M. de Beaumont's grey Juniper, with Mr. H. N. Haldin's chestnut British Coaster reserve champion. By now dusk had fallen, and the arena was floodlit. The next item on the programme was the parade of the Garth Foxhounds, one of the oldest packs in the country. Their joint-Masters, Miss Effie Barker and Mr. Michael Downes, though not mounted, went into the ring to watch with pride the hunt servants and hounds put up a fine show.

Then we saw the finals of the Ladies' Open Jumping in which there were about a dozen competitors. Eventually Miss Susan Whitehead, riding beautifully on the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Scorchin, beat Mrs. P.

Pritchard on Hallowmas II after a jump off. Four competitors tied for third place. They were the Duchess of Norfolk who did two splendid rounds, but each time just touching and dislodging one obstacle on her Penny Royal, Miss R. M. Lewin on Park Minor, Miss S. Cohen on Clare Castle, and sixteen-year-old Miss Mary Barnes on her brother's Gala Queen. Incidentally, next day Mary, riding her brother's Sudden, won the Open Jumping competition.

Then came the coaching marathon, a very strong class of ten or more regimental, private and road coaches. The winner was Mr. G. C. H. Matthey driving his fine team of four chestnut Dutch Gelderland horses. The brief polo match which followed was most entertaining. Playing three a side for three chukkas, the teams were Reds, with Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay, as captain, Col. John Nelson and Capt. John Ferguson who scored their one goal. They were defeated by the Whites, who had that fine player, Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness, still one of the best players in the world, as captain, Capt. Peter Thwaites and Lord Patrick Beresford, who scored all four goals to give his side victory.

THE final item was a picturesque musical ride by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, with music by the mounted band of the Life Guards who preceded the "Mounties" into the floodlit arena. This was certainly a superb spectacle beautifully carried out, and received great applause from the many thousands present. It was a memorable moment at the close of the programme when the Royal Canadian Police, their lances erect, lined up in front of the Queen and Prince Philip, who stood under the Royal Canopy as the band played the Canadian National Anthem and then "God Save The Queen," while the clouds parted and a nearly full moon shone down on this wonderful scene.

Among those I saw watching the performance in the Members' enclosure were the Duchess of Beaufort, Col. Sir Henry and Lady Abel Smith (the latter presented some of the prizes before the Queen arrived), their son Richard and elder daughter Anne, Countess Alexander of Tunis, whose husband is one of the vice-presidents, Gen. Lord Freyberg, V.C., and Lady Freyberg, Brig. and the Hon. Walter Sale and their daughter Caroline, Sir Peter and Lady Ant Lawson, the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, Mrs. Philip Fleming, was one of the hack judges, Lord and Lady Burnham, Lord and Lady Hothfield, and Miss Petronella Elliot. Also Lady Rosemary Sir, Mr. Jack Sherston, Mrs. Bay Garle, who in the Coaching rathon class sat on the box seat of the winning coach, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, who had been riding in the hack classes, Serena Fass, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Nash, Mr. Horace Smith and Phil Blackmore.

★ ★ ★

HE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are to attend the European première of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's film *The Teahouse Of The Lust Moon* at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on May 29. who saw the play of the same name, which had a good run here, look forward to seeing the film of this witty comedy, which stars Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford and the remarkable Japanese actress Machiko Kyo. The première is being given in aid of the British Schools Exploring Society. Tickets from Mr. E. R. G. Barwell, 40 Colombe Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, W.1, or from the Empire Theatre. concert in aid of the Chelsea Red Cross will be held in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on May 30. Tickets may be obtained from the Chelsea Red Cross, 67 Old Church Street, S.W.3.



THE PIED PIPER BALL

PRINCESS MARGARET attended the Pied Piper Ball held at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Above: Her Royal Highness with Mrs. John Ward, chairman of the ball



Mr. John Hopper was talking with Miss Terne Morris

Miss Anne Trench with Mr. John Russell-Parsons



Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss J. Ducas, Miss C. Bowater

Miss Angela Michell and Mr. Michael Morse



Mr. Richard Stanes, Miss Valerie Tatham, Miss Cherry Lafone and Mr. Roderick de Courcy-Ireland



A typical mountain town of Calabria



A view over the hills near Taverna

Fishermen mending their nets at Scylla



Nigel Buxton spent some time in this little-known part of Italy travelling alone, except for a tape-recorder and his camera with which he took the photographs illustrating his article

Calabria

THE TOE OF ITALY

THIS district is sparsely inhabited, and I travelled alone; yet my impression of Calabria has not been marred by the pain of beauty unshared, or perfection missed. Somehow, the country itself is company. The memory I have is of mountains and sea; of olive trees and umbrella pines; of hedges of wild rosemary—the blossom blue-white against the green of the leaves; of gorse in flower; of lemons and oranges and fields of purple clover; and of the sun.

And it is a memory of peace and quiet. The joy of that solitude! To come down from the heights that overlook the coast and there, on long stretches of sand, on beaches shielded by trees, made private by high projections of the land and lapped by clear water, to laze all of a long day undisturbed by anyone else's noise, undisciplined by anyone else's presence. To bathe without costume or fear of censure. To be one's own arbiter of manners and morals. To be drunk or sober; silent or shouting for the rare delight of uninhibited, elemental living. To know these pleasures is to count each hour in Calabria worth a hundred miles of the journey that led to them.

For anyone who has the time and does not depend upon a litter of deck chairs and model girls for the enjoyment of a holiday, it is a journey worth making soon. Calabria has not yet been "discovered." If the efforts of Italy's tourist organizations are successful the dance bands, the roulette wheels and all the familiar trappings of the well-established Continental resorts will come in time. Meanwhile, Calabria is one of the few accessible places in Europe where you can be away from it all.

IT is not far from the truth to say that in Calabria you are either down by the sea or up in the hills, for there are few coastal plains. A drive of less than an hour from almost any point on the coast brings one to country that is suggestive more of Austria or Switzerland than of a region that lies at a latitude of 39 deg. and is bounded by the Mediterranean and Ionian seas. In Aspromonte, and in the Sila, farther to the north, there are mountains more than 4,000 feet high. There, in spite of centuries of injudicious plunder, forests of pine still scent the air. There it is cool, for the snow lies long after the spring. There even the shepherds and woodsmen are few and the quiet of Calabria yields only to the birds, and the wind in the trees, and the sound of falling streams. At Manchuso there is a village of chalets in the shade of the forest. It must be one of the most restful places in the world.

For most people, the attractions of Calabria are essentially elemental and it is not the least of its joys that one is not bludgeoned into an inconvenient awareness of "cultural opportunities." The imaginative writers of one or two brochures have made an attempt to picture the land as being "rich in historic monuments and artistic treasures." There is no need for dismay. Certainly, Calabria has a rich history and its memorials exist in skeleton castles and fortified towns and watch-towers standing sentinel over the sea. But these places have not yet been set apart as tourist attractions. No railings or notices limit their accessibility. No postcard sellers are stationed at their gates. They have not been degraded into mere objects of interest, but remain part of the landscape; still linked with their past, still dignified in unobserved decay. In Calabria a detailed knowledge of the past does not seem essential for the appreciation of such things. One is content to surrender to the "primitive emotionalism" that Norman Douglas described. In any case, as he said, there have been so many Emperors!



Nets and boats on the beach at Bagnara

Houses, washing and frescoes at Catanzaro



For the keenest enjoyment of the simple life there is nothing like a little well-contrived luxury at the end of the day, and this—strangely enough—Calabria can provide with more efficiency and at less expense than almost any other single region in the south. Count Marzotto was first inspired to build such establishments. They are modern and attractive and staffed by specialists. The food is good; the prices (35s. for a double room with private bath) and—a virtue second to none—froth from the taps marked CALDO the water runs hot.

The same can be said of the Autostelli which have been built for the Automobile Club of Italy and are open to all visitors. In sheer value-for-money I doubt whether these motoring hotels have any rivals.

What else can one get, consistently, a three-course dinner with good wine, a spotless room with private shower, and all with impeccable service and attendant comforts for the equivalent of 24s.?

With these, and with the Jolly Hotels, the visitor is provided with bases from which he can explore the whole country. Also, it is worth remembering that from the Autostello at Santa Trada it is less than ten minutes' drive to Villa San Giovanni and that from there it is less than an hour by boat to Sicily. With the greatest of ease I spent a day at Taormina and returned to Santa Trada in time for dinner.

If I have written of Calabria without writing of the Calabrians it is only because I do not care to presume upon a short acquaintance. When I met them I found them courteous and helpful, and although most of them were very poor they did not go out of their way to make me aware of it. Nor was I ever pestered for charity or custom as happens so frequently elsewhere. If I stopped in a village a curious group would often gather round my car, and once I was followed by a crowd of children—as if my camera had been a pipe, and I in Hamelin—but for the most part the Calabrians I saw went on their way with their donkeys and mules and goats, gathering wood, cutting grass, doing the things they have been doing for centuries. Of what interest was one more invader after so many?

How to get there:

Car: five days' steady driving.

Train: an international through-ticket from London to Messina, stopping off at Villa San Giovanni. First class, £40 2s. return. Second class, £26 9s. 9d. return. Forty-eight hours.

Air: to Rome, £54 17s. return, £42 by night. Thence by train to Villa San Giovanni.

MALICE IN THE MORNING

QUASSIA CHIPPE

IF I had not lost my watch and been compelled to rely upon my radio for a matutinal time-check, it would never have happened: I mean, I would never have become ensnared by *Housewives' Choice*. Fully aware that this cosy treat was intended for the married woman, the happy home-bird, I, an undomesticated spinster, had honourably refrained from listening-in to it. Only necessity made an eavesdropper of me—necessity and a distaste for being treated as a tot at an hour in the morning when I feel older than God.

At 9 a.m. or thereabouts, the Home Service appears to cater for infants: at least, on the occasion when I struck a programme called *Music And Movement*, a female voice was blithely fluting: "Now children, listen to the music. It's running-about music, isn't it? Can you hear how it scurries? Now I want you all to be dear little rabbits in a great big field—and *run* about every which-way. Off you go! Jolly little rabbits, *running* about in the sun!" Even with myxamatosis on the wane, I couldn't bring myself to be a jolly little rabbit—I simply hadn't the time—so I switched hastily to the Light, and *Housewives' Choice* had me in its thrall.

THERE is a very curious fascination about this programme, which is definitely habit-forming. Kind and eager to please are the gentlemen who handle the housewives' postcards and, with many a little pleasantry or sympathetic word, introduce the records they have requested. Avuncular, brotherly, jocular, even a teeny bit flirtatious in a harmless sort of way, they are the most amiable of disc jockeys. And it's my belief they ride in blinkers. How else could they fail to see the aura of malice surrounding some of the messages they so innocently convey?

"Here is a card from Mrs. McTick of Tauchleekie," says the kind gentleman, sunnily. "She has asked for this charming Victorian ballad for her neighbour, Alice Lumm, who was married last Tuesday: congratulations, Mrs. Lumm—I hope you will be very happy." Mrs. McTick apparently hopes otherwise: her choice for the new bride is a grey little dirge in waltz time, ending "Just another fatal wedding, Just another broken heart."

Very old ladies are the disc jockey's particular darlings—though



whether they always appreciate this is doubtful. "Mrs. Sweeney, of Ballyknocklaoghaire will be ninety on Saturday and has all her faculties, I'm told. Well, that's wonderful, truly wonderful—and I'm sure we all send her our very best wishes," says kind gentleman, emotionally. "I hope you're listening, Mrs. Sweeney, because I have a record for you which your grandson, Tim, has asked for through his mother, Mrs. Elsie Grasp, of Leechworth." It turns out to be that nauseating number about "Well, I declare! Grannie has left him her old armchair."

LADIES who saw war service can be sure of a pat on the back from the jockey—though sometimes it may feel like a stab in the same region. "Mrs. Glour, of Vixenham, writes asking me to play a record for Mrs. Haggard, also of Vixenham: they were in the Wrens together for four years. I was in the Navy myself—and I must say, they were splendid girls, the Wrens," says kind gentleman, with just the hint of a sailorly wink in his voice. "Ah, well! those days are gone, but there are still jolly memories for old comrades to share." However jolly Mrs. Haggard's memories may be, it can't be much fun for her to be told, with relish and to a jeering jangle-piano, "You're nobody's sweetheart now!"

One does not, of course, expect omniscience in a disc jockey. When, at the request of Mrs. Ire, Champing-on-the-Wold, he plays "Shame on you, Miss Roxie, Shame on what you done!" he cannot possibly know, though all her friends do, that Mrs. Ire is publicly denouncing the unspeakable hussy who ran off with her husband. In this instance, one must acquit him of tactlessness: he has merely been in ignorance of the facts.

It is when he displays his childlike innocence—his pretty belief that everybody loves everybody in this best of all possible worlds—that the disc-jockey merits a rebuke. I mean to say, what do you suppose are the feelings of Mrs. Askfort, Greater Wallop, when, at the request of her daughter-in-law, he invites her to listen to "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you"?

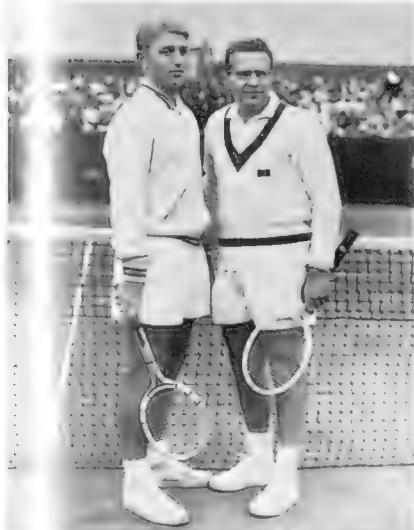
Do you wonder that I never leave my flat nowadays until 9.55 a.m.—when "A Story, a Hymn and a Prayer" comes on to remind me, in good Christian terms, that those who dabble in malice miss the bus . . . ? Taxi! Taxi!





Miss Darlene Hard from New Jersey, U.S.A., a winning partner in both the women's and mixed doubles

Victor Yorke



Lew Hoad and his winning opponent, J. Drobny



Miss J. M. Stapylton and her partner, Mr. O. D. Beresford

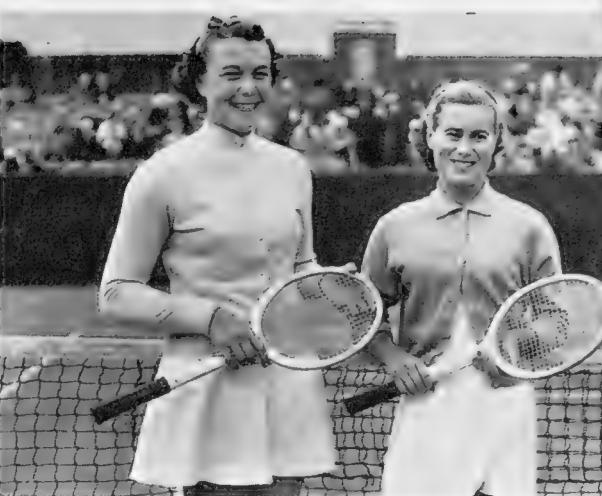


Mr. C. O. Tuckey, Mrs. Kay Maule and Mr. C. W. Goddard



Miss Sheila Armstrong was with Mr. Reginald Bennett

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
MAY 22,
1957
417



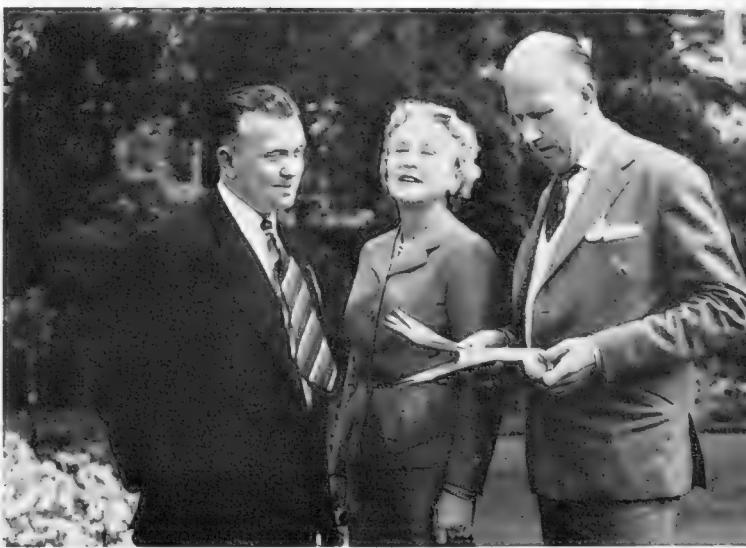
Miss Pat Ward with her winning opponent in the women's singles finals, Miss Shirley Bloomer

A WIMBLEDON PRELUDE

THE BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS were held at Bournemouth recently in a week of predominantly fine and sunny weather. The tournament did much to show the various players' pre-Wimbledon form



Mr. P. Nicholls (New Zealand), Mrs. Bedard and Mr. R. Bedard (Canada)



Mr. S. D. Lester and Mr. C. T. Tinling, partners in the doubles, with Mrs. D. Prenn



FLORA ROBSON, an actress of great intelligence and understanding, is appearing in *House By The Lake*, which has run for over a year at the Duke of York's Theatre. In 1958 Mr. Peter Daubeny, who presents the play, later hopes to take it to Australia



PIETRO ANNIGONI: a drawing of the artist by Z. Roboz. Annigoni's much discussed portrait of Prince Philip will be reproduced on our cover next week

Roundabout

THE LEGENDS OF OXFORD

ETON's light blue on black provides the colour scheme for the dust-jacket of Lord Halifax's new book of memoirs, but he recalls that "it was Oxford rather than Eton that came to hold first place in my affections."

Others will assess, elsewhere, the comments of this scholarly foxhunter (not many men come to be both M.F.H. and Fellow of All Souls) on those public affairs of our time in which he played a part, as Viceroy, Foreign Secretary, and Ambassador in Washington, but I was delighted with his tales of the time when his duty as Junior Fellow at All Souls was to mix the salad dressing for dinner on Sunday nights, and to decant the port in Common Room.

That was the time when a substantial legacy led to much debate in the College: was it to be spent on more research fellowships, or on the installation of electric light? And Lord Halifax recounts how Raymond Asquith—whose death in action was one of the saddest individual losses of World War One—got up, drew his academic gown about him, stepped across to the fireplace, and put the matter to a very simple test by asking himself aloud, "which would I rather have in my room at night—a research fellow or electric light?"

Of the other Oxford stories recorded here that ought to be added to some such collection as the one that Cecil Day Lewis and Charles Fenby made, between the wars, I hit upon the remark of a senior don at the House, faced with a lively, rowdy and (according to Lord Halifax) "perhaps slightly intoxicated" gathering of undergraduates round a bonfire in Peckwater Quad. The don earned a whimsical popularity in the college, and created a small legend, by saying mildly, "Let those who can take those who can't to bed."

★ ★ ★

THAT very talented descriptive writer, William Sansom, has fashioned a sort of profile of London for a recent literary magazine. He declares that "it remains, beyond all else, a Victorian city," yet goes on to recommend for visitors a walk that would take them from the Temple, by way of Bloomsbury, carefully to Canonbury, "and almost every building on the way will be of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century." Pre-Victorian, in other words.

Indeed, much both of the elegance and of the comfort that middle-class Londoners know dates from the later Georges and the Regency—the more urbane streets and squares and the Nash terraces; and most of the Piccadilly, Pall Mall and St. James's Street clubs. The whole club tradition, in fact, is older than Victoria—born in the days of good Queen Anne, and fully mature by the time of equally good Queen Adelaide. It is pubs, not clubs, that are Victorian.

What is especially Victorian about London, of course, is the ceremonial uniform of the Household troops. Those scarlet-clad sentries at Buckingham Palace and St. James's; those plumed and helmeted and breast-plated horsemen who ride in stately cavalcade along the Mall—you can imagine them holding high their bearskin caps to cheer the Queen as they leave for the Crimea, or riding jackboot to jackboot with the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava.

There have been only minor changes since then, though in the two brief reigns that preceded Queen Victoria's uniforms were changed and changed again. George IV—reckless of all that Brummell had taught him about the charm of reticence—was obsessed by fancy dress, and William IV, a sailor, could not imagine that soldiers, too, had to keep on their headgear in a high wind—to say nothing of a cavalry charge.

Mr. Sansom has caught a good deal of the spirit of London, and is acute enough to notice how the smells of cities differ: "a whiff of hot grime from the Underground is immediately distinct from the metal tang of the Metro." By which he means



Hollowood

"My secretary." "My secretary's secretary"

Paris's, not Moscow's—the Soviet Metro, in my recollection, smells of wet felt and hair oil.

Where I differ from him is over his suggestion that "Cockney humour" is a quality that London shares with other seaports, such as Gothenburg and Copenhagen. Here he is wrong: Copenhagen may have the quality he mentions, but not Gothenburg. There is a special kind of quick and astringent wit—the kind that we call "Cockney"—that is common not to seaports as seaports but to capital cities, where streets are not only crowded and cosmopolitan, as those of all seaports are, but where even an urchin—because he is the citizen of a capital—feels that he is a cut above the provincial. Paris has it, rather than Marseilles; Rome and Athens and Brussels and Berlin have it *in excelsis*. Moscow has it now, though it was St. Petersburg's in Tsarist days, and the city that is now Leningrad is jealous of Moscow in consequence.

Other great cities have their own kind of humour, but the donnic note of a capital is unmistakable. You can hear it even little Luxembourg.

★ ★ ★

STERIOUS conjunctions of names are to be found in sale-room catalogues. At one and the same sale, this week, Sotheby's offered the horn and crop that once belonged to John Peel, some pathetic letters written by Oscar Wilde. It is tempting try and imagine a situation in which the one would have been bidding for the relics of the other. There was one letter in the same auction sale from that midable woman, Florence Nightingale—about nursing, of course. I can never see or hear Miss Nightingale's name mentioned without recalling the well-authenticated story that Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, had wanted to marry her, and without dering yet again what precisely it was that had passed between the lifelong spinster and the lifelong bachelor that prompted Jowett to answer Margot Asquith's, "What was your lady-love like, dear Master?" with, "Violent; very violent."

WAITING-ROOM

We, you and they, with absent, glassy eyes,
Con TATLERS which are far from up-to-date,
Hoping for a sudden end to the world
Or that he may be late. . . .

Yet we should know our dentist is humane,
Skilful and painless and he will be brief.
We, you and they are Britons. . . . Yet we sit,
The tortured prey of innate disbelief.

—Lorna Wood

ENTION Kew Gardens, and you are more likely than not to elicit the quotation, "Go down to Kew in lilac time." Yet the official guide to the Gardens, in its list of "Floral Seasons," doesn't mention lilac; magnolias and cherries take the honours of that particular time of year—mid-April and early May. Surely the compilers of official handbooks ought to keep an ear cocked for familiar quotations?

Even were the springtime display of lilac at Kew not as splendid as it always is, Mr. Noyes's verse must have sent thousands of people there who might reasonably expect to be told when best to make their pilgrimage.

Kew Gardens is the most civilized place in the world for a painless picnic. You can reach it easily by public transport; you may walk all over the grass, as in a private park; and there are benches at strategic points, where you may unpack your basket in comfort, without having to sit on the damp ground, or to prop yourself uncomfortably on an arthritic elbow.

Somehow, there is always room; somehow, it is never as littered as London's other pleasure places, such as Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath. And there is always some sequestered glade or dell, masked by rhododendrons, where you may feel alone.

NE of the gentlest, and purest, pleasures for a Londoner is to lunch off the smoked salmon sandwiches and hock that he has been provident enough to carry with him, under the shade of a great bank of rhododendrons or azaleas, as high and as thick as an Alpine snowdrift, but delicately tinged with pink, as though the snow had just caught the morning sun.

What more could one ask? Well, any other country in Europe would make sure that gardens so enchanting found room for at least one first-class open-air restaurant; just think of those *de luxe* establishments in the Bois de Boulogne. But this is England, after all—and where would your excuse for a picnic be if there were a tolerable restaurant in Kew Gardens?

—Cyril Ray



BRIGGS

by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
MAY 22,
1957
420*

*Mrs. J. R. McKenzie, Mrs. Trotter and Col.
George Trotter awaiting their guests*

A PARTY IN CHELSEA

A COCKTAIL PARTY was given by Mrs. J. R. McKenzie and Mrs. George Trotter for their daughters, Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark-Hall in Chelsea Sq.



*Miss Serena Clark-Hall and Miss Rosemary Platt, the
debutantes for whom the party was given*



*Miss Victoria Duff, Miss Jennifer Seed and Major
J. H. A. Seed were among the guests*

*Miss Henrietta Tiarks with
Mr. Bruno Schroder*

*Mr. Ronald Gurney and Mis
Roberta Carey*



*Miss Sarah Platt and Miss Celia Daniels talking to
Capt. Tony Findlay*



*Miss C. Dugdale, Miss Elizabeth
Mackay, Mr. Philip Erskine*



*Van Hallan
Miss Sheila Fordyce, Miss Jane
Gilroy and Mr. Ian Gilroy*



Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh and Miss Diana Whitefield



Mr. Robin Stormonth Darling and his wife were guests

T.L.
TATLER
and
Bystander

MAY 22
1957
421



Mr. Guy Smallwood and Miss Julia Williamson were dancing

Mr. R. Southgate and Miss Virginia Makins

Miss Glenna Critchley was with Mr. David Higham

DANCE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

A JOINT DANCE was given by Mrs. H. Warwick Daw and Mrs. Arthur Marshall for their debutante daughters, Miss Jennifer Daw and Miss Judy Marshall, at the Hyde Park Hotel



A. V. Swaebe

Mrs. H. Warwick Daw, Miss Jennifer Daw, Miss Judy Marshall and Mrs. Arthur Marshall



Lady Caroline Giffard and Mr. John Drysdale



The Hon. Camilla Jessel, Mr. C. McArthur Hardy

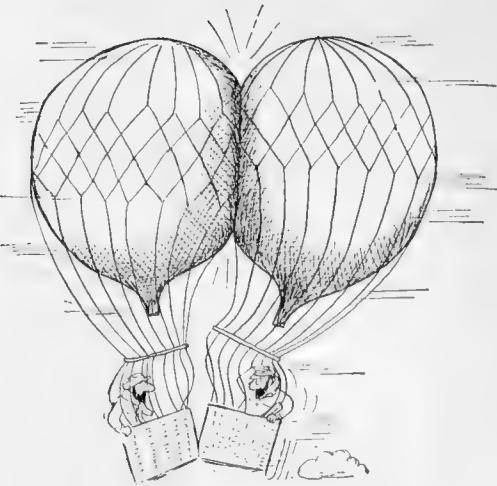
Mr. A. Gray, Miss Joan Lawton, Mr. J. Grafftey-Smith, Miss P. Rawlings, Mr. J. Cotton and Miss G. Clark





Festival at Cannes

AMONG the many celebrities who went to Cannes for the international Film Festival was poet Jean Cocteau (above). Arrivals from farther afield were (right) Maria Schell, famous German film actress, and her husband Horst Haghler



Priscilla in Paris

THE FLOWER GATHERERS

FIFTY years ago, when the workers of the world arose and decided to call it a day on the First of May (I seem to be breaking into rhyme!) they chose *l'églantine* as the emblem of this universal holiday. Since I ignorantly imagined that *l'églantine* was a small French rose of the deepest, bloodsomeness crimson, I was quite ready to believe that another revolutionary Reign of Terror must then have menaced this lovely but mismanaged land. My error! Only recently, to my shame, have I discovered that the eglantine is as British as it is French and simply another name for the dog (or wild) rose; and anywhere by the time I came to live in Paris the holidaymakers were tired of roses and sported lilies-of-the-valley in their buttonholes.

The perfume of lilies makes a more robust appeal to the olfactory sense than the wild rose, but it is a scent that worries me because I find it difficult to decide of which it is most reminiscent: weddings or funerals. Why it is considered a lucky flower in France I have yet to discover. It was certainly not very lucky to the House of Capet—but this digression, perhaps, is unnecessary.

As usual vast crowds set out for the woods around Paris. While it is pleasant to receive ribbon-bound bouquets of forced, waxy flowers bearing the name-tag of a famous florist, there also is satisfaction to be found in a successful hunt for the pale green, fragile species that grow wild in the glades of Chaville and Meudon.

As usual also, street vendors abounded in Paris with their loaded trays, baskets, barrows and pushcarts. They were everywhere, at street corners, at the bus stops and around the Metro stations, but not—under pain of death, excommunication and what-not—within fifty yards of a real florist's shop! On May 1 anyone who wishes to do so may sell lilies-of-the-valley without a hawker's licence but, very rightly, the amateur must not interfere with the tax-paying professional. (Minister Ramadier looks after his own wee lambs.)

For holidaymakers who enjoy exercise but prefer to remain in Paris and take it under cover, the Salon des Artistes Français opened its immense bronze doors at the Grand Palais. It was a bright, sunshiny day but an icily nippy east wind stirred up the gutter-dust, Metro tickets and candy wrappings along the Champs Elysées and showered spray from the fountains at the Rond-Point. On the whole a rather uncomfortable day for pavement prowling and it was wiser to enjoy a brisk walk round the immense sculpture section on the ground floor of the Grand Palais after which, exhilarated at having done one's duty and warmed by the physical exercise, one may climb to the higher



A moment in Rome

PRINCESS GIOVANNA PIGNATELLA (left) who is married to film actor George Brehart, now filming in "Farewell To Arms," with her fourteen - month - old son Fabrice. Princess Giovanna is an interior decorator, arranging her lovely house in Rome. Below, Prince and Princess Francesco Borghese in the grounds of their Via Appia villa

ors and view the paintings. This year the exhibits at this most official of all salons total the terrific number of two thousand. Terrific, when one thinks of all the happy homes needing a lick of the paint that seems to have been so generously, if not wisely, employed by some of the artists.)

To take two thousand pictures in one's stride one must be in the champion class of pedestrianism. Not feeling up to it I remained below to enjoy the plans and miniature models that, Iris hopes, will be made use of to protect the old sites of Montmartre that are threatened by the housebreaker. Of course, we are all very fond of nice, clean buildings, sober décor, rectangular architecture and radiant cities . . . but a suggestion that the grime of centuries and a touch of the sordid can be picturesque and we cannot bear to think of all the old landmarks of bohème that are in danger of being swept away, even the blank wall of Willette's studio.

Francis Carco, of the Académie Goncourt who has always been an habitué of those pleasant haunts of Montmartre that weekend visitors so rarely have the time or the desire to see, has recently given his innumerable admirers a new volume of souvenirs entitled *Rendezvous Avec Moi-même*. The reader shares those happy moments not only with Carco but with the most beloved of his famous friends and acquaintances amongst whom are Jean Lorrain, Rachilde, Katherine Mansfield and the great Colette.

L'enfant terrible

- The precious child: "Mummie, God gives us our daily bread, doesn't He?" "Yes, darling." "And Father Christmas brings us our toys?" "Yes, my pet." "Then what's the use of keeping Daddie?"





At the Theatre

THE INCONSTANT WOMAN

"RESTLESS HEART" (St. James's). This early Anouilh is a "noir" play edged with "rose" trimmings. In embryo appear the characters now so familiar. Mai Zetterling (below, centre) is the young girl disgusted with life's vileness, intent on humiliating the father (left, Donald Pleasence) who has humiliated her, while Florent (right, George Baker) has yet to learn sorrow. Above, the mother (Betty Warren) rejoices vulgarly. Drawings by Glan Williams



M. JEAN ANOUILH, that adroit arranger of striking theatrical ideas, has become London's favourite French playwright. The gloom enveloping the work of most of his Paris *conférences* is uncomfortably like the real thing, and a little of it goes a long way. But in the despair that M. Anouilh cleverly romanticizes, there is nothing very alarming. It is the sort of despair that overwhelmed us as adolescents and is quite unlike the real thing.

It is rooted in the romantic belief that we all have the right to be happy. Beneath the cynicism of M. Anouilh's manner, this belief is always working, and the saddest of his heroes and heroines are lovers to whom a cruel destiny has denied the right.

La Sauvage—called at the St. James's, not altogether happily, *Restless Heart*—is the piece which, as early as 1934, brought this playwright his first real success in the theatre. There are many things in it which he has since used again to better effect and there is no third act to speak of, but the dialogue is witty, the contrivance cheekily neat in detail and Miss Mai Zetterling and Mr. Donald Pleasence have leading parts which suit them down to the ground.

M. Anouilh's fans will find plenty to enjoy. What separates the young lovers is the girl's hopeless longing for a purity which has been corrupted by a shameful upbringing. She plays the violin badly in her father's seedy café orchestra. Her mother, a monstrous creature who is the pianist's mistress, has always taken the chance to sell her pretty daughter's honour to the highest bidder, and her father is a shameless cuckold and cadge.

BUT the luckless Thérèse has caught the attention of an affluent and talented musician. She has fallen genuinely in love with him and he with her. He can offer her security, comfort and happiness and is perfectly ready to do so: the only obstacle in their path is her own sense of an irredeemable past.

She is not at first aware of the obstacle. In the admirably produced café scene which creates a lively tragic-comic impression of the shocking world to which Thérèse belongs, she is swept into her lover's arms on a wave of emotional gratitude for the light easy, good-humoured way he accepts her grossly humiliating parents. But in the elegance and comfort of his family home she comes to realize that between those who have never known shame and misery and those who have, an unbridgeable gulf yawns "That's what hurts most," she cries to her lover. "You have the privilege of knowing nothing."

She brings her father to the house and incites him to behave a his disgusting worst. She bribes an old floozy friend to burst in with surprising revelations. And when these provocations to fortune have failed with her lover she herself rubs his nose into the sordid details of her past.

YET the young man, who is the weakest thing in the play, survives every difficult test. He is rich; he has a distinguished musical talent; he has the gift of happiness. He has also, it appears, the capacity to suffer. At his fiancée's tale of corruption he weeps, and Thérèse, surprised by his tears, is moved to believe that she can, after all, be happy.

This is a second act climax, and M. Anouilh has left himself a problem which is too much even for his technical ingenuity. His postulate is that events of the past cannot be redeemed, that lost innocence cannot be regained, and to make this good in the third act he has to shift the emphasis from the moral distinction on which it had rested to a social one.

He has to show that the rich are charming because they are rich and that the charm is heartless without their knowing it; and the spectacle of the France family being charming and ever so slightly heartless comes near to toppling into absurdity. In any case they do little to help the heroine on her way out into the night. One sentence serves her adequately: "There will always be a lost dog somewhere which will prevent my being happy."

Miss Zetterling and Mr. Pleasence deal delightfully with the heroine and her father, she a lovely restless cat which may turn at any moment into a formidable wild cat, and he as a deplorable mangy old cur. Miss Betty Warren is good as the peroxide mother full blown with vulgarity and with embarrassing memories of a possibly more seductive past, and some of the minor characters are well taken.

—Anthony Cookman



Vivien

Miss Heather Sears in a search for the beautiful

MISS HEATHER SEARS is appearing at the Royal Court Theatre in "The Apollo de Bellac" by Giraudoux, a penetrating work bringing the search for ideal beauty into human focus. She plays opposite Richard Pascoe with whom she acted recently in the revival of "Look Back In Anger." Miss Sears is known principally for her films: "Touch And Go" and "Dry Rot." In her next film she will take the large and important part of the eponymous Esther Costello



Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian and
Mr. Horace Smith

Viscount Knutsford, Miss Sonia Clifton and
Major E. Pendarves-Paynter



Miss Caroline Sale, Capt. W. L. Thompson
and the Duke of Beaufort

The Duchess of Norfolk was one
of the competitors

THE QUEEN AT HER OWN HORSE SHOW

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW was held in the Home Park of Windsor Castle. And although this, the first of the season's major shows, was marred by bad weather, the evening on which Her Majesty visited it was royally fine



Squa

Mrs. A. L. Wood, with her
sister and the Earl



The Queen presenting Capt. W. L.
Thompson with the Queen's
Challenge Cup

Prince William, the Duchess of Gloucester,
the Princess Royal and Col. Sir Henry
Abel Smith

Mrs. John Reiss with Joanna on Skylark

Angela Paul Henley with Smoky





Officer M. J. Potter, a member of the R.A.F. team, jumping in the Services Team Competition on Roca

Patrick Frye with his pony, Cinders, waiting to enter the ring

Lady Allerton and Mrs. Hew Carruthers judged the ladies' hunter class



At the Pictures



SOPHIA LOREN (above), star of the film *Boy On A Dolphin*, is seen with the boy. Co-starring with her are Alan Ladd as an archaeologist, and Clifton Webb as a shady art dealer. The story is based on David Divine's best-selling novel

DANY CARREL is the star with Serge Reggiani of *That Girl Elisa*. This French film will be reaching the Cameo Royal in June. Mme. Carrel appears as a dancing girl of many talents



SOPHIA LOREN KEEPS A DIVING DATE

IF ever there was a beautiful savage, it is surely Signorina Sophia Loren. She has a splendid physique and no inhibitions. Even in her first Hollywood film, *Boy On A Dolphin*, she remains a child of Nature—owing nothing to the make-up department and striding contemptuously through a dullish story with a magnificent cleaving walk that makes the hip-wiggling mincings of Miss Marilyn Monroe seem, in retrospect, a little pathetic. Signorina Loren does not need to practise any of the conventional tricks to draw attention to her superb figure: you just can't miss it. Add to it the face of a vengeful goddess and a temperament as volcanic as a Magnani, and you have something as striking in its way as the Isles of Greece, among which the Signorina this time displays herself.

She is a poor Greek peasant girl who, while diving for sponges off the island of Hydra, finds on the sea-bed a two thousand year old statue—a golden boy riding a great bronze dolphin. With but one thought in mind—to make as much money as she can out of the thing—she seeks out an American archaeologist Mr. Alan Ladd, who is digging around Athens.

HE seems to me a most unconvincing archaeologist—"Take it easy boys," he says to the chaps handling a piece of old wall "They don't build 'em that way any more." But apparently he is seriously and selflessly dedicated to preserving the artistic treasure of Greece for the Greeks. He listens to Signorina Loren's story and decides it's worth looking into.

A rich and unscrupulous art dealer, the desiccated Mr. Clifton Webb, gets wind of Signorina Loren's find, waylays her and persuades her that she can make her fortune by selling the statue to him, whereas if she turns it over to Mr. Ladd she will earn nothing more than her country's gratitude. Signorina Loren has endured poverty too long to have retained any feeling of patriotism: she does a deal with Mr. Webb. As Mr. Ladd has been fooled into thinking the statue doesn't really exist, Signorina Loren takes him diving—never at the right spot.

Whether or not through the intervention of Santa Maria can't say, but, as I expected, the archaeologist ultimately gets the statue and the girl: Mr. Webb, disgruntled, sails off in search of another sucker, and Signorina Loren finishes in a blaze of glory and a somewhat uncomfortable clinch with Mr. Ladd. The dialogue is poor and the performances of Messrs. Ladd and Webb so stiff they positively creak at the joints—but the Greek islands are shown in all their glory and Signorina Loren is exciting to watch, so I think you might see this film when you have an hour and a half to spare.

AMUSICAL adaptation of *Jeannie*, entitled *Let's Be Happy*, is a handsome advertisement for the Edinburgh Festival. Jeannie, played by the agreeable Miss Vera-Ellen, is now a simple American girl, the fortune hunting nobleman who mistakes her for an heiress is now a Scottish lord (sympathetic Mr. Robert Flemyng), and the washing-machine salesman (Mr. Tony Martin) who falls in love with her is Stan, Stan, the fix-it man, from Boise, Idaho and the little romance is played out against the background of Edinburgh *en fête*.

Miss Vera-Ellen, who is primarily a dancer, has far too little dancing to do—but there are some pleasant songs (of which Miss Diana Morgan's "Piper's Wedding" is the best), a charmingly dressed ballet, a fashion show, a fascinating demonstration of the luxurious hotel accommodation Edinburgh can provide, and ravishing shots of the queenly city itself to keep you interested.

It may be that the film-makers hope to lure you from your television sets by providing their products with lovely, spacious, wonderfully colourful backgrounds such as the little screen in the



drawing-room can never encompass—but to my mind it would be a jolly good idea to concentrate on finding a few stimulating stories, too.

THE setting for *Typhon Sur Nagasaki* is dazzling and unusual—but the story is as dull and usual as they come. M. Jean Marais, a French engineer, is charmed by an exquisitely graceful young Japanese girl, Miss Kishi Keiko, who hopes to marry him. Along comes his ex-mistress, Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, a singularly irritating journalist, and, well—East is East and West is West and all that. It looks as if Miss Keiko is to share the unhappy fate of Madame Butterfly—but a raging typhoon (genuinely exciting and terrifying) mercifully puts her out of her misery and brings the dawdling picture to a sensational end.

The Japanese are represented as endlessly polite—and, indeed, they would have to be to tolerate such visitors as Mlle. Darrieux who regard "the place where the bomb fell" as a tourist attraction and take their little cameras with them to "snap" the stone commemorating the deaths of 73,800 people.

The first fifteen minutes of *The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown* are extremely promising. On the opening night of her new picture, "The Kidnapped Bride," film star Miss Jane Russell really is kidnapped—by Messrs. Ralph Meeker and Keenan Wynn, who propose to demand from her studio a ransom of fifty thousand dollars.

Miss Russell is livid. In the first place, don't her kidnappers realize that, because of her picture's title, people will think she is trying to pull a cheap publicity stunt? And, in the second, how dare they ask for a ransom of less than half a million? Miss Russell, who is available in both a flowing blonde mane and a short brown boyish crop, raises the dickens—and this is all very funny.

Unfortunately, somewhere along the line a bright, satirical idea goes astray—and we have Miss Russell falling in love with Mr. Meeker and gallantly sacrificing her career to save him from the electric chair or a life sentence, I forget which: I was beating a rather cross retreat at that moment.

—Elspeth Grant

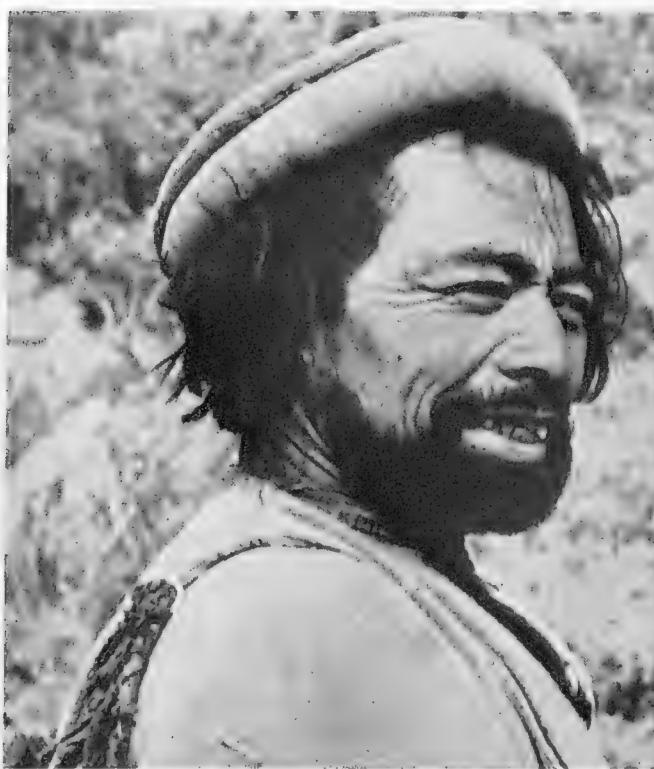
MICHAEL TRUBSHAW (left above) who is appearing in *The Rising Of The Moon*, with John Ford (centre) the director, and Lord Killanin, a director of the company making the film. The Irish cast includes Cyril Cusack and Dennis O'Dea

VERA-ELLEN in a dream sequence from *Let's Be Happy*, a new and amusing British musical co-starring Robert Flemyng and Tony Martin as the suitors in conflict for her favour





COCKEREL. This engraving by F. H. Frisch (c. 1740) is one of the illustrations to the chapter on Bird Prints in Volume Three of "The Concise Encyclopedia Of Antiques" (42s.) published by "The Connoisseur"



THE LAMBARDAR of Arandu, a photograph taken from "The Mountain World, 1956-57," which covers recent mountaineering exploits (George Allen & Unwin, 25s.)

Book Reviews

RETURN TO AFRICA

DORIS LESSING's *Going Home* (Michael Joseph, 21s.) is a book with a self-explanatory title. The verb, I mean, indicates a good deal. Does one "come" home, or "go" home?—that depends, I suppose, at which end of the journey one's heart is. In this case, Miss Lessing, after the seven years in England during which she made her name and fame as a novelist, was paying a visit of seven weeks to her country of origin—Southern Rhodesia, in which, as a settler's daughter, she had grown up on a large farm. This was more than a sentimental journey; it had been undertaken for sterner reasons. Nevertheless, hosts of returning memories enliven and colour Miss Lessing's pages—where she allows them place.

The author, reappearing in Salisbury, could hardly hope to be inconspicuous. The most unequivocal kind of greeting she met was, "You've done pretty well for yourself while you've been away," from old friends. But, literary success apart, she would still have been, by her showing, a marked woman. For years, even before she took off for England, she had been in the forefront of movements the "white" community viewed with profound mistrust: during her absence her writings against the colour bar had attracted attention, at home no less than abroad. She was prompted, she tells us, to this return journey by challenges from several Rhodesian friends. She was out of touch with realities in her country (they told her) and in danger of being out of date with her facts—actually much was changing, and for the better. It was up to her to come back and see for herself.

BASED on a journal, *Going Home* is in the nature of a situation report. Miss Lessing, she says, decided for the duration to fling off the novelist side of her and become a journalist—making for objectivity, dealing in facts and figures, examining conditions obtaining interviews. She deserves praise for the way she has kept her word as to not quoting persons who did not desire to be quoted, and for not recording a number of private talks. As they stand, her findings are sufficiently disturbing. To persons with whose views her own conflict, much of *Going Home*, I imagine will be dynamite. Myself I feel that Miss Lessing's object is not to aggravate any existing trouble, but to forestall what might be very much worse. Uninformed or, still worse, purely emotional reviewing of *Going Home* could do mischief: knowing little or nothing of Central Africa, I restrict my comments to the book's lighter side.

As to this, the charms are very considerable. Once a novelist always a novelist (willy-nilly). Miss Lessing's Rhodesian scene painting is vivid, with an almost magical evocation of light and colour—she can be lyrical at times. Comedy is in many character sketches, and often in the snatches of conversation. Best of all this side of her writing is not merely jam to make the powder go down! *Going Home* is no tract, but a personal document—work of an all-round woman, friendly, far from dogmatic, and unwarped (in spite of various brushes with authority) by persecution mania. This is a book to tackle.

★ ★ ★

KATE CHRISTIE, novelist, has done it again! *Morgan* (Collins, 13s. 6d.) is her third book—following upon *Smith* and *Harold In London*, it demands to be judged by exacting standards. At the first glance, or for the first chapter or two, *Morgan* may seem to be of lighter weight than its predecessors, but the seeming triviality of the opening was, one sees later, artfulness on Miss Christie's part. This is the story of an outsize character in a cramping world—in fact, of a poet, farouche and unaccommodating, in a pififogging small North Wales seaside town.

Llandaff social circles take small account of *Morgan* till, thanks to an inspiration, it is decided to "feature" him at a soirée. Miss Passenger, his timid, muddled supporter, puts him



JAMES BOSWELL has long been known for his amusing drawings of cats. He is holding an exhibition, "Plain And Fancy Cats," of which two examples are shown here, at Heal's Picture Gallery in Tottenham Court Road. It will delight all lovers of the prankish feline



across with Mrs. Daubeny—who, widow of a naval officer, is temporarily resident in a furnished villa. The Daubeny twin children, Dennis and Daisy, are in charge of Hannah, a giddy and touching slut who is Morgan's cousin. The greater part of Llandafy, in fact, is peopled with Morgan's Morgan relations—none, however, quite vouch for him. Intriguing rumours surround him: he occupies, all alone, a condemned cottage some way along the beach.

One cannot make a protégé of a great poet. More brilliant societies than Llandafy's have tried, and vexingly failed. Still more, it is difficult, one might have thought impossible, to introduce a *convincing* great poet into a novel. However, it is in doing exactly this that Miss Christie notably has succeeded. One doubts his genius no more than one doubts his stand-offish masculinity. Against one thing only Morgan is not defended: his love for Polly—who, ever preoccupied with her boat, her plans for Canada and her drunken aunt, is a character no less lovingly brought to life. And, from beginning to end, the book *Morgan* has one relentless dominant—the sea. The storm at the end, and which is the end, could have come from no writer of lesser temperament than Miss Christie's.

★ ★ ★

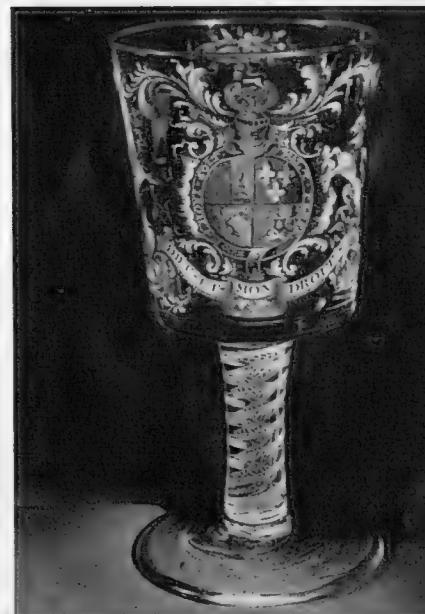
MARY MCCLOY, also, is undisappointing in her latest detective story, **Two-Thirds Of A Ghost** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). This, besides being a first-rate mystery, is a satire on the American book world, particularly the reputation-racket. The novelist who meets an untimely end, at what his country would call a "plush" Sunday supper party, is, to look at, a weedy little specimen—a beard which makes thin and uncertain growth, a pipe which he does not smoke, and a shaggy dog "rented" for photographic occasions, combine to give him a build-up for his admirers, as the U.S.A.'s final genius of the century. His publishers, his literary agent and the leading highbrow critic have also staked, upon this single figure, their reputations. . . . Then, back from Hollywood, in a huff, bounces the celebrity's wife, an appalling starlet.

Only Miss McCloy, it appears to me, could have either thought up the plot of *Two-Thirds Of A Ghost* or dared to poke fun at so many powers-that-be.

—Elizabeth Bowen

THE VESSELS OF INSPIRATION

GILBEY'S CENTENARY EXHIBITION, "The Compleat Imbiber," shows many interesting drinking vessels, among which is the enamelled Royal armorial goblet (right) by W. Beilby (c. 1762) lent from a private collection and (below) three Aynsley Lane End pottery tankards, c. 1762, lent by D. M. and P. Manheim





Michel Motinare

Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

BEAUTIFUL evening dresses must be complemented by beautiful evening coats. These must be chosen for their versatility and generous cut to cover the most bouffant skirt. Left: the epitome of luxury, a snow-white ermine cape by the National Fur Co. Calf length, it has a curving rolled collar and is lined in sapphire blue satin. The rhinestone and pearl tiara comes from Paris House. Evening gloves by Pittard

NIGHT-TIME MAGIC



LEFT : A short evening dress in Lurex thread white nylon by Roecliff & Chapman. The strapless bodice is seamed crosswise to finish in a butterfly bow. The stiffened bouffant skirt curves low at the back from a high draped front. It costs approx. 13 gns., and can be obtained from Rackhams, Birmingham, and John Moses, Newcastle

RIGHT: In Chinese style, this evening coat in peacock blue satin has elbow length cape sleeves, a pleated back and small bows tying at the sides. This useful and most attractive coat is by Roecliff & Chapman, costs approx. 13 gns. and is obtainable from Rackhams, Birmingham, and John Moses, Newcastle





COCKTAIL HOUR CHAPEAUX

HERE are hats for a great occasion or for wearing to cocktail parties. Left: Reminiscent of Nefertiti, a dramatic white toque of rib-like feathers mounted on a dark base, by Madame Vernier. Right: enchanting and beguiling, two white aigrette wings are caught with a twist of white satin. By Madame Vernier

PRIMROSE-YELLOW silk hat (below) swathed to the side with ostrich feather trimming, Maud at Pissot & Pavé. Mink by Calmar Links





EXO
shade
on t
C TURBAN (below) of white and pink
silk crepe with a sparkling diamante jewel
forehead. It is made by Madame Vernier

DELICIOUS powder puff hat (below) of snow white
ostrich feathers, extremely becoming and feminine,
by Madame Vernier, 82 George Street, London, W.1

Michel Molinare





Michel Molinare

COCKTAIL DRESS by Susan Small in smooth navy taffeta, the neckline emphasized by a rose. 15 gns. at Dickins and Jones, Regent St., W.1. Toque by Rene Pavé, shoes by Rayne, gloves by Pittard



NAVY BLUE nylon organza dress, with white edged strapless bodice, pleated skirt, and brief jacket, by Jean Allen. 18 gns. at Jays, Oxford Circus. Hat by Gina Davies; gloves by Pittard

*What to wear to weddings, cocktails,
and varied festive occasions*

Perfect partners for dining and dancing



FLAME RED faille backless evening dress with butterfly panelled skirt, by Jean Allen, 12 gns. approx. at 5th Avenue, Regent St., and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. "Jasmine" Emba natural white mink by Calman Links

SUPPLE and luxurious stole of "Argenta" Emba natural grey mutation mink by Calman Links, a fur that is the perfect foil to party clothes for every occasion. The long black evening gloves are by Pinkham

on summer evenings



IN THE CITY.
Quality material,
classic tailoring and
subdued but clear
colouring go to make
a very versatile suit

TOWN AND COUNTRY

IN THE VILLAGE.
A new version of the
traditional English
favourite casuals, a
soft-necked cardigan
with a belted skirt



HERE is a selection
of woollen classics, clothes that are
both smart and practical and will travel
anywhere. Above
left: a fitted suit in oat-
meal coloured Prince of Wales check wool;
the jacket is well cut
on classic lines, and the
skirt swing out in wide flat pleats,
19 gns. Below left:
perfect casuals; a car-
digan made of beige
cashmere worn with a
beige and white
flecked tweed skirt,
price 8½ gns. and 8
gns. respectively.
Right: a pale oatmeal
woven wool overcoat
cut straight and sim-
ple, 16 gns. All from
Burberry in the
Haymarket; hats by
Sybil Pendlebury



The finishing

Blue nylon shaded umbrella with horn loop handle, £5 10s.; pale blue silk square with floral design, £1 2s. 6d.; pale blue Sea Island cotton gloves by Dior, £1 1s. 9d., obtainable at Simpson, Piccadilly

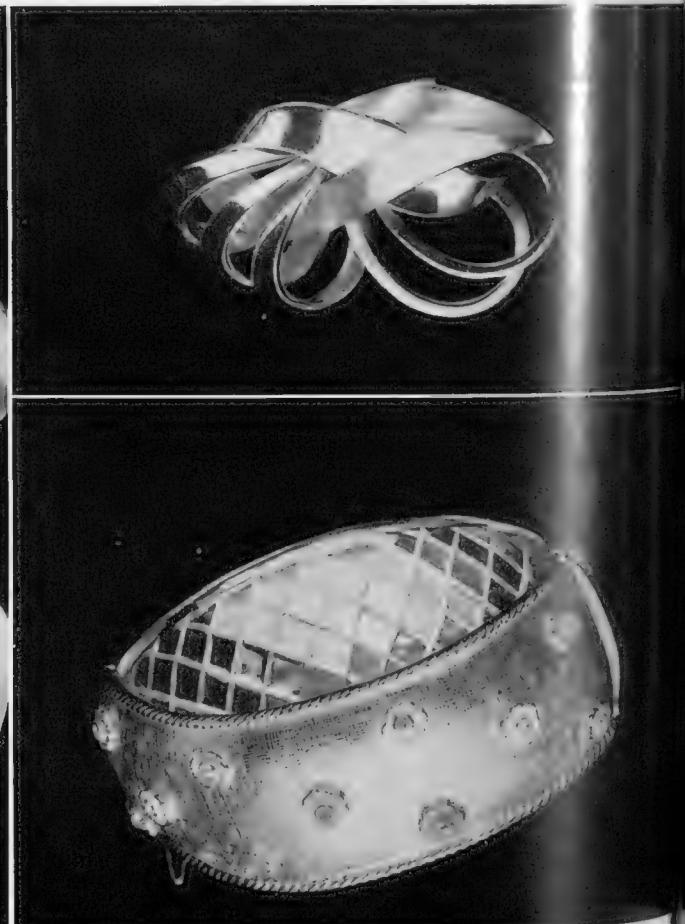
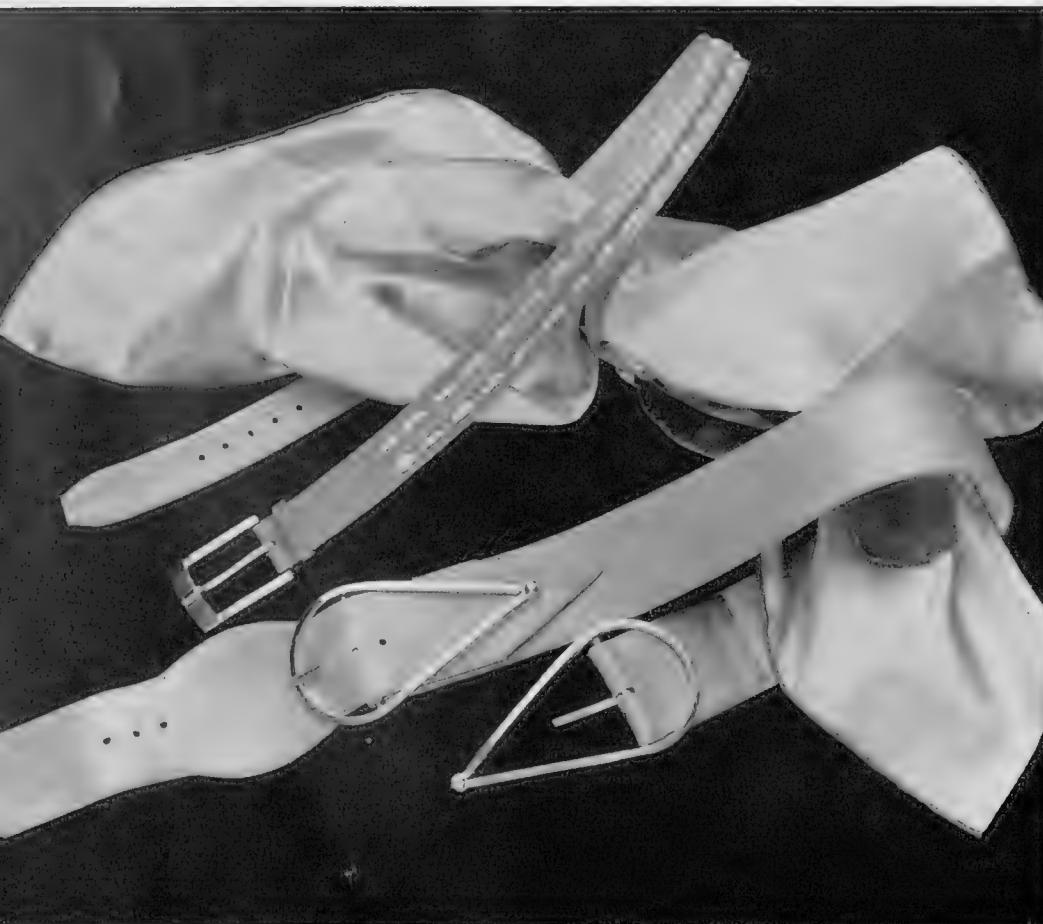


Red leather belt with double gilt buckle, £4 4s., brown leather belt with raffia threading, £3 5s.; silk square checked with cream, fawn, brown and green, £3 13s. 6d., all from Simpsons

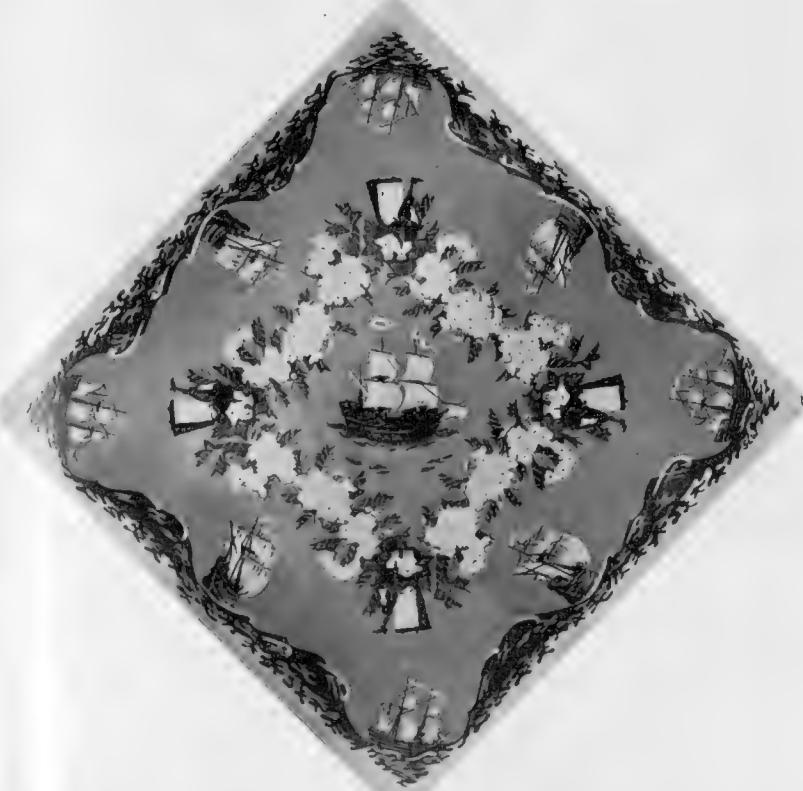
WELL-CHOSEN accessories can make or mar a basic dress or suit, and can be used to transform everyday clothes into something for a special occasion. The selection shown here will not only add to your summer wardrobe, but will provide ideas for suitable birthday presents

— JEAN CLELAND

Below: Gold-dipped brooch in a bow design, £4 4s. Bottom: A wide gold-dipped bracelet with hinge, decorated with small enamel flowers, £10 15s. Both come from Simpson, Piccadilly

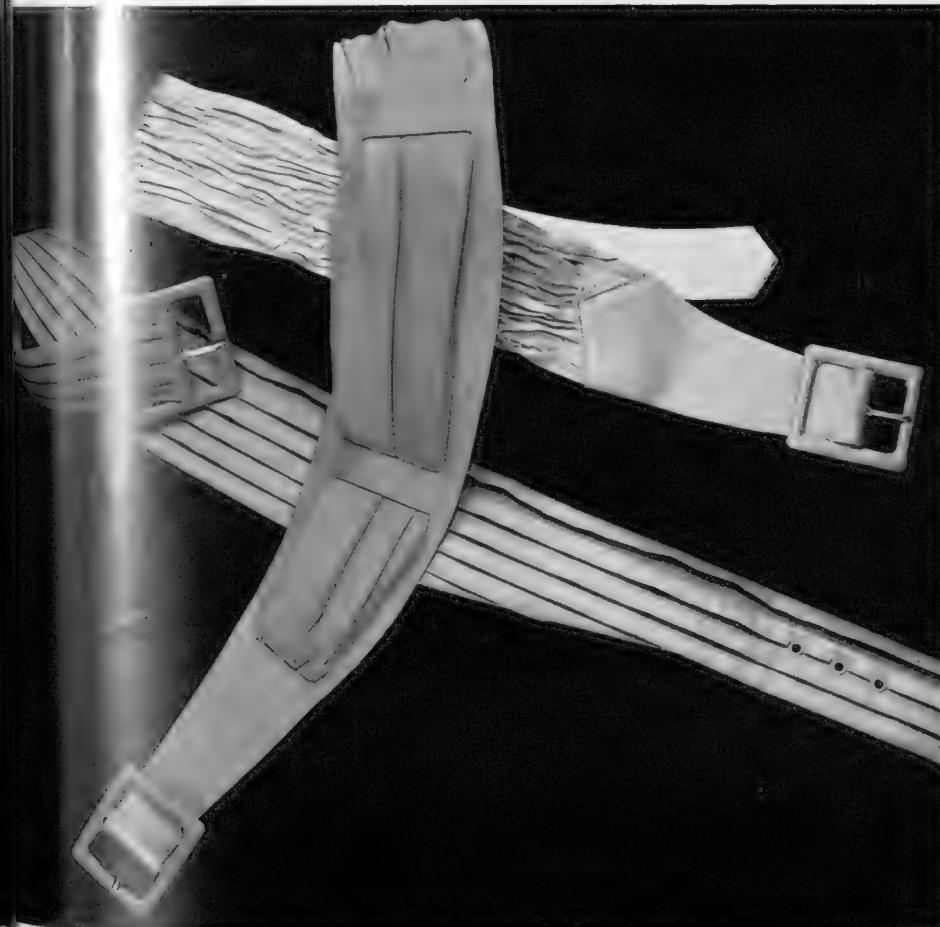


touch is all-important



Scarf specially designed by Finnigan at the request of the Mayflower Project, 27 in. square, printed on an acetate crepe, in grey, beige or sky blue, 15s. 11d., Finningans and leading stores

Salmon satin covered belt, with chiffon threaded through satin slots, £1 16s. 7d., also in turquoise; pink ruched satin belt, prettily shaped, £6 5s.; blue tucked chiffon belt, £1 12s. 6d.; all from Simpsons



White Vaumalezza washable bag, £8 8s.; white Sea Island cotton shorty gloves by Dior with bowed cuffs, £1 5s. 9d.; white doeskin shorty gloves with scalloped cuffs, £1 2s. 6d.; white doeskin gloves with ruched cuffs, £1 1s., Simpsons

Dennis S



Pure silk square with design of summer flowers, £2 9s. 6d.; French cravat designed with butterflies, £2 9s. 6d.; both from Jacqmar and leading stores



A young woman surveys her well-shaped mouth, best attained by using a lip brush for the outline and then blocking in the colour with a lipstick



Beauty

All shades of the rose on your lips this summer

LOOKING at the number of new lipsticks that have been sent to me recently by well-known beauty firms, two lines from the poem "Leisure" by W. H. Davies come to mind:

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began

So much of the expression of the face begins with the mouth. Weary and depressed, and it droops. Happy, and it tilts to laughter. Angry, and it grows hard. A mobile feature indeed, and one which not only shows the feelings, but reveals much of the character.

The mouth being such an important feature, the question of lipsticks, colour and texture, and the best way of applying them, is worthy of special attention.

In choosing a lipstick, several things must be considered. First, the texture. If your lips are dry, a soft one with a degree of greasiness will go on much better than one that is hard. Not so long ago, the harder lipsticks stayed on better than the more oily ones. Now the manufacturers seem to have overcome that difficulty, and you can get quite soft textured lipsticks that are still long lasting.

Next consideration is colour. It is fashionable now to treat a lipstick as an accessory to the ensemble, and choose a shade that harmonizes with the colours you are wearing. To facilitate this, many of the well-known manufacturers have introduced the quick to change lipsticks which can be alternated quickly and easily. This enables one to have various colours with which to ring the changes.

As regards the applying of lipstick, the best and smoothest way is to use a lip brush, or small paint brush. Failing this, you can use the tip of your finger, putting it first on to the stick and then on to the lips. With this method it is as well to keep a little red handkerchief in your bag with which to wipe the red off the finger. If you want a clear outline to your mouth, you should use a lip liner, or lip pencil first, and then fill in with the lipstick afterwards.

So much for the choosing and applying of lipsticks. Now for some of the new ones that have blossomed out for the summer. Pink is still first favourite and there are some lovely new shades varying from the soft to the bright and the rose to the coral.

To start with there is Coty's new "Rose Amaranth." This is an addition to their "24" "Wake up Beautiful" range of lipsticks, and has been designed to go with some of the latest fashions in hats and gloves. It is lovely with pinks, navy and all shades of blue. Another rose comes from Charles of the Ritz, who adds to summer gaiety with a striking shade called "Ritz Rose," a rich colour that gives a nice glow to the lips.

Any of the next four shades will put you in the pink, and although they are all in pink shades, they have infinite variety.

Goya makes a very welcome contribution to summer beauty with a new "Kiss" colour called "Singing Pink," which is described as a "pale, sweet pink." A feature of this lipstick is that it does not change colour on the lips.

FROM Lentheric comes the "Confetti Pink" which is a cherry blossom pink, that goes especially well with a creamy complexion. This again is a good shade for this season's blues, and it is also particularly becoming with grey, or sugar-almond pink.

With the interests of youth always in mind, Yardley's have brought out a "Pink Magic." This is a young colour, and, "born on the Italian Riviera," is exactly right for printed cottons and Continental casuals.

Last of all, we have a different kind of pink. A warm soft coral with a brilliance that certainly does things to a pale complexion. It tones up with shoes, bags and gloves by Saxone, and gay hats by Dolores, and is perfect with a suntanned complexion. The name of this lipstick is "Snow Peach," and it is the very latest creation of Revlon.

—Jean Cleland



Paul Tanqueray
Miss Caroline Treharne-James, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Treharne-James, of Cranley Mansion, Gloucester Road, S.W.7, has announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Cottrell, elder son of Sir Edward and Lady Cottrell, of Library Street, Gibraltar



Miss Mary Diana Moore, younger daughter of the Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Moore and Mrs. Moore, of Bane Court West, S.W.3, and Southern Rhodesia, is her fiance Lord John Manners, second son of the Duke of Rutland and Kathleen, Duchess of Rutland



Leon Levson
Miss Antoinette Herbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Herbert, of Johannesburg, South Africa, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Basil Edward Hersov, elder son of Mrs. Gertrude Hersov and the late Mr. A. S. Hersov, of Johannesburg, South Africa



Vandyk
Miss Elissa Forbes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Forbes, of Tri-inches, North Queensferry, Fife, is engaged to F/Lt. George Bowyer, who is the son of S/Ldr. F. H. Bowyer, M.B.E., and Mrs. Bowyer, of Yew Tree Farm, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, Sussex

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Julia Grace Scott, younger daughter of Major F. G. Scott, M.C., D.L., of The Beeches, Steeple Aston, Oxon, and the late Mrs. Isabel Scott, is to marry Lt. Stephen Harwood, R.N., younger son of the late Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, and of Lady Harwood, of White Cottage, Goring



Lenare
Miss Frances Ann Sutherland, elder daughter of the late Dr. Hector Sutherland, D.S.O., of Langwell, Blackhall, and of Mrs. Sutherland, of Manor Place, Edinburgh, 3, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alan Douglas Monro Ramsay, of Bowland, by Galashiels, Selkirkshire



Nicholas Horne, Totnes

Wynne-Griffiths—Brooke-Hitching. Mr. D. P. Wynne-Griffiths, son of the late Mr. C. Wynne-Griffiths and Lady Churston, of Churston, Devon, married Miss Gabrielle Brooke-Hitching, daughter of Mr. T. G. Brooke-Hitching, of Kensington Palace Gardens, W., and Mrs. R. St. G. B. Gore, of Ipplepen, Devon, at Buckfast Abbey, South Devon

RECENTLY MARRIED



Wilbraham—McCorquodale. Mr. H. D. Wilbraham, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Wilbraham, of Cuddington, Cheshire, married Miss Laura J. McCorquodale, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. G. McCorquodale, of Nantwich, Cheshire, at St. Mary's, Nantwich



Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)

Blockley—Pallant. The marriage took place of F/Lt. Robin Blockley, twin son of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Paul Blockley, Farnham, Surrey, to Miss Susan Rae Pallant, daughter of Mr. Arnold Pallant, of Farnham, and Mrs. Norman, at Crondall Parish Church, Surrey

Gore—Mounsey. Mr. Jack Gore, son of the late Mr. Christopher Gore, and of Lady Barbara Gore, of Smith Terrace, S.W.3, married Miss Serena Margaret Mounsey, daughter of Mr. C. F. E. Mounsey, of Yaxley Hall, Eye, Suffolk, and of Mrs. K. Sangster, of Tilford, Surrey, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Faser

Clive—Rees. Mr. Henry A. Clive, only son of Brig. A. F. L. Clive, of Ross, Herefordshire, and the Hon. Mrs. David Bowley, of Ilchester Place, married Miss Sonia Ann Rees, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rees, of Athens, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



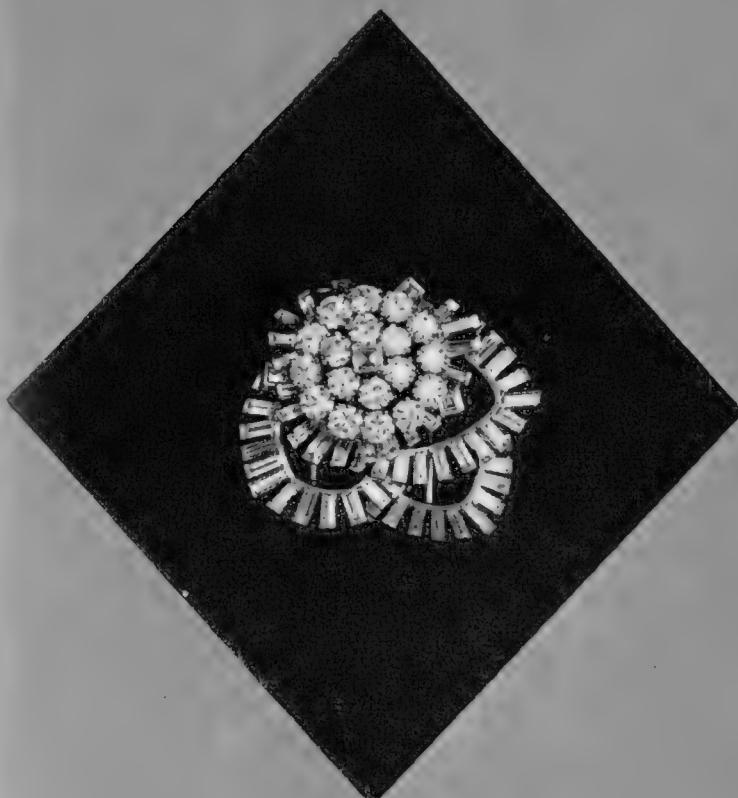
Eadie—Coates. Dr. Douglas G. Arnott Eadie, son of the late Dr. Herbert Arnott Eadie, and of Mrs. R. Hinchcliffe, Rutland Street, S.W.7, married Miss Gillian Coates, daughter of the late Major S. Coates, and of Mrs. Coates, of Pebmarsh, Essex, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Individuality in Design



Quality of Stones



Excellence of Craftsmanship


Cartier

175-6, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Motoring

INTO THE RACING SEASON

WITH the Mille Miglia and the Monaco Grand Prix the competition season may be said to have got into its stride and we can look forward to the Vingt Quatre Heures du Mans, on June 22 and 23, and, a good deal later, on July 20, to the Grand Prix d'Europe at Aintree. Before these events, however, there are Indianapolis, which always seems to me to have an esoteric flavour, and, on June 10, Goodwood's National Open meeting.

We also have the promise of certain new records. Motor car record breaking has never held the amount of public attention which is accorded to racing and the reason is clear. Road racing puts the cars through a test which differs from the test they receive in ordinary use only in degree. A road race resembles the work done in the development departments of the best car manufacturers.

A ROLLS-ROYCE development engineer explained the process to me vividly the other day when he said that his first aim was always to break things, to cause some part to fail. Having caused a part to fail he sought the means of making it fail again—and again—and again. He then began to know exactly why it failed and, therefore, how it could be prevented from failing. He could reconstruct at will the sequence which brought about the trouble. He could then apply the right remedy and begin all over again trying to break something else!

Now the essence of this is the packing into a small space of time of the kind of wear and metal fatigue that might normally take years to manifest itself. It is an extreme intensification of stress. And nothing produces that result more readily than a hard-fought road race. The justification of racing, and especially of Grand Prix racing, is not so much that it influences directly the shape of the motor cars to come, as that it digs out the faults of existing techniques in the greatest detail. It does exactly what your development engineer does; it compresses

into a short space the mechanical battering that would only be accumulated by many tens of thousands of miles' touring.

A circular which went round a short time ago gives some promising information about the Aintree plans for the Grand Prix d'Europe. It seems that the prize money will now be more than £7,000 and that Mrs. Topham, to "link the old traditions of Aintree as the home of the Grand National with the modern mechanical world of sport," has decided that the prizes will be in guineas.

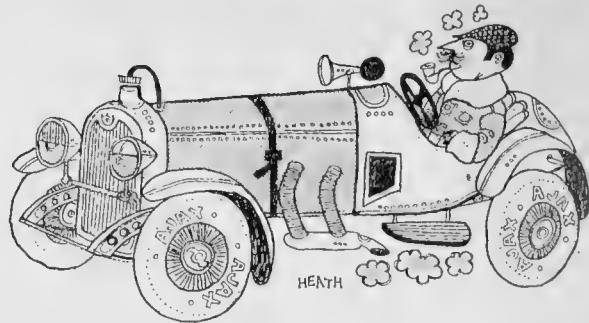
I do rather like the vague feeling of generosity which goes with the fact that the winner of the Grand Prix will receive "two thousand five hundred guineas" as his prize. In all there are six big cash prizes and a further two hundred guineas prize for the first driver to reach an average lap speed of ninety miles an hour and yet another two hundred guineas for the fastest lap.

The Grand Prix d'Europe is decided on a British track only once in seven years and my belief is that, this year, it is going to draw the biggest crowd of spectators that has ever attended a motor race in this country.

THAT was certainly one of the most ingenious publicity schemes at London Airport. It was devised by the Standard Company. It may be recalled that eighty Americans arrived in a DC7C to find awaiting them on the apron forty brand new Triumph TR3 sports cars. The total value of the cars, all ordered for export to America, was 120,000 dollars.

Occasionally British companies are accused of being backward in their publicity. But the right course is not simply to imitate American methods. If a British car sells in the United States and in other parts of the world, it will not be because it is like an American car or the cars of those other parts. It will be partly because it is different. And surely then the publicity also should be different?

—Oliver Stewart



Desmond O'Neill

THE MOTOR RACING SEASON had a splendid start on the Goodwood circuit. The Richmond Formula 1 race for the Glover Trophy had an unexpected result after the Vanwalls (Stirling Moss in one) and the B.R.M.s had retired. The new Connaught, driven by young newcomer Stuart Lewis-Evans (above), won in great style. The start of the Sussex Trophy Race (right), Aston-Martins leading. A. Scott-Brown won in a Lister-Jaguar



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Next time you are passing, do drop in at my beauty salon, 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1, or ring Grosvenor 7501 for an appointment. My experts will be happy to advise you on your personal beauty problems. And remember, all my beauty preparations are available at your favourite chemist or store.

Helena Rubinstein



SHELDON ALLMAN, American singer and comedian who has been touring Europe, is now appearing at Quaglino's. Composer and lyric-writer, he has had several of his pieces recorded in America. Here, H.M.V. are publishing his "It Was A Woman"

The Gramophone

TRADITIONAL JAZZ

DURING the spring of 1933 Spike Hughes recorded a number of his own works and a fair selection of traditional jazz pieces at the Brunswick Studios in New York. Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Luis Russell, Henry Allen, Rodriguez, Kaiser Marshall are some of the musicians who formed Spike Hughes's All American Orchestra.

Now the results of these sessions are again available (as indeed they should be) on a well-balanced L.P.

To those who have only just discovered a *penchant* for jazz, traditional or otherwise, Spike Hughes may mean absolutely nothing—which is a pity because he pioneered his way through in the thirties, like a number of us, in the cause of contemporary jazz—at a time, mark you, when such world beaters as Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, Don Redman and Teddy Wilson, to name but a few, were coming into their own. Furthermore, it would be crushingly ignorant to regard these contributions of Spike Hughes as souvenirs of an age that is past; they are as important as much that is swooned over at the present time, and indeed far more important than a great deal that the sectarian jazz record buyers of today gleefully purchase. (Decca L.K.4173.)

From France I commend Lucienne Delyle, with Aimé Barelli and his Orchestra, interpreting "Java" and "Pour Un Doli...". Mlle. Delyle may be quite unknown to some, a fault that should be speedily rectified. (Parlophone PP.43.)

And with accompaniment from an orchestra directed by Robert Chauvigny, the incomparable *chanteuse* Edith Piaf presents "Et Pourtant," and "Marie La Francaise." (Columbia DC.721.)

THERE is a worthwhile re-issue of some of the songs associated with Richard Tauber—to wit, "O Mädchen, Mein Mädchen," "Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz," "Komm Zigany" and "Wolgalied" sung by that admirable tenor Marcel Wittrisch. (H.M.V. 7.EG.8235.)

The polished zing of Fred Astaire snaps from a recent E.P. with four of the songs he has helped to make famous. (M.G.M. EP.601.)

At the moment Victor Borge is drawing the town to the Palace Theatre in London. This entertaining Dane began his career as a child prodigy in Copenhagen at the age of ten, winning scholarships to the music conservatoires in Berlin, Vienna and Copenhagen. His sense of humour resulted in his now internationally known "Comedy In Music."

Victor Borge appears on records with "Comedy In Music" (Philips BBR.8095) and "Caught In The Act" (Philips BBL.7118). These are slick workmanlike presentations, and if the comedy is not as uproarious as that of "The Two Black Crows" the fault does not, I fancy, lie entirely with Victor Borge.

—Robert Tredinnick

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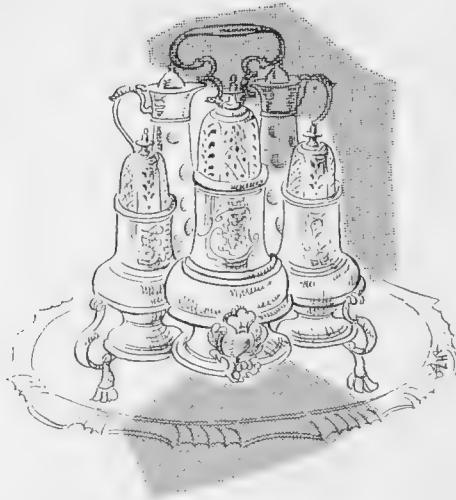
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HERE is a further list of places where you can wine and dine on our Restaurant Roundabout. C.S. means closed on Sundays.

BELLOMETTI'S LE PERROQUET, 31 Leicester Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 2996. First-class food and service: some excellent wines. C.S.

BRAGANZA, 56 Frith Street, W.1. Gerrard 5412. Specializes in Portuguese food and has many unusual and interesting dishes. Drink Portuguese wine here, of which they have a large selection. C.S.

HELLENIQUE RESTAURANT, 51 Whitcomb Street, W.C.2. Trafalgar 3709. Where Alec Stais provides Greek and Oriental foods of high quality and where you can wine and dine in comfort without having to listen to the conversation at the next table. Some interesting wines bottled in Greece. C.S.

HUNGARIA, Lower Regent Street, W.1. Whitehall 4222. Famous for many years: Hungarian Gipsy Band and a dance orchestra. Below stairs two excellent private rooms for parties from ten to one hundred and fifty. M. Andre Mazzullo started there in 1928 as Chef-Waiter and is now "King of the Castle." C.S.

KETTNERS RESTAURANT, Romilly Street, W.1. Gerrard 3437. Fashionable Soho restaurant for nearly one hundred years, where M. Bonvin has maintained those traditions for the last fourteen. C.S.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE GRILLE, 171 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. Kensington 0824. Continental cuisine, and an amusing, extensive and well-chosen wine list. Try one of Fernando's specials or the Plats de la Semaine—both safe bets. C.S.

REAL spinach, one of the best of all our spring vegetables, has a stand-in, perpetual spinach, which often masquerades as the real thing. When it is cooked, however, it has nothing like the soft, bland and beautiful flavour of the genuine green. There is a roughness and an almost acrid taste which are apt to turn anyone against spinach proper.

Real spinach should be plentiful from now on until the hot weather, when it tends to run to seed. It has a softer leaf and is more succulent than the impostor. In addition, the stems are not so stout and the leaves are less broad.

It needs much washing because it always seems sandy. The best way, I think, after cutting off the stems and picking out any damaged leaves, is to float it in plenty of water in the sink, stir it around and around, lift it out and start all over again with fresh water. After three or four of these washings, it should be free of any grit. Washing in a colander is useless.

COOKING spinach is easy. Put it in a pan with no water other than that which clings to the washed leaves. Add a sprinkling of salt, cover and boil for 8 to 10 minutes. The French call this "cooking à l'Anglaise," but they use this method for the preliminary step. The spinach can then be left *en branche* or chopped and put through a sieve.

Epinards à la Crème is a queen of a dish, either on its own or served with boiled bacon or poached eggs. Here is a simple way to prepare it: Having drained and pressed out the moisture from 2 lb. (raw weight) of

cooked spinach, chop or sieve the leaves. Add about a quarter of a pint of rich, moderately thick Bechamel sauce and beat together very well to make sure that the sauce is fully incorporated. In another pan, bring a quarter pint of double cream to the boil. Turn the spinach into it and stir together. Taste and, if necessary, add further seasoning. At the last minute, add an ounce or so of butter.

OEUFS Florentine make another nourishing light luncheon dish. Well drain a pound (raw weight) of plainly boiled spinach. Leave in the leaf or *en branche*. Turn the leaves over and over in 1 to 1½ oz. butter. Divide into four portions. Place one in each of four individual oven glass or earthenware dishes or cocottes. On each, place two very lightly poached eggs. Cover with rich Mornay sauce and slip under the grill to fleck the surface with a little brown.

Another delicious and quickly prepared dish is boiled ham and spinach. Buy as many slices (one-sixth-inch thick) of boiled ham as are required. Warm them through in a little stock and a tablespoon of Madeira (for each quarter pint). If stock is not available, use a chicken cube and hot water. Place the slices on a hot platter with, at each end, spinach cooked à l'Anglaise, or à la Crème. An arrowroot sauce is pleasant with this dish. Blend a scant half-teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water, add it to the stock in which the ham was warmed and bring it to the boil. For the sake of colour, add a speck of gravy browning. Spoon the sauce over the ham and serve.

—Helen Burke



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LO SPIEDO—LA BROCHE, Piccadilly, W.1. Whitehall 5339. Part of the Criterion, below stairs, in the heart of Piccadilly. Very gay Italian décor, has a spit grill and specializes in first-class Italian foods and wine.

LUCULLUS RESTAURANT, Plantation House, Mincing Lane, E.C.3. Mansion House 4479. If you want to lunch in the City in the grand manner, regardless of expense, this is the place; reservation essential. C.S.

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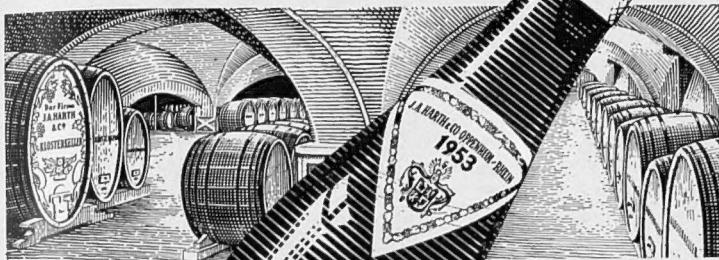
IT goes without saying that such famous establishments as the Savoy, the Ritz, Claridge's, the Berkeley, the Dorchester, Grosvenor House, the Park Lane, the May Fair, the Hyde Park, etc., all have restaurants of one sort and another, where if you make arrangements you can have anything you may require and organize parties and receptions for a few people or several hundred.

—I. Bickerstaff

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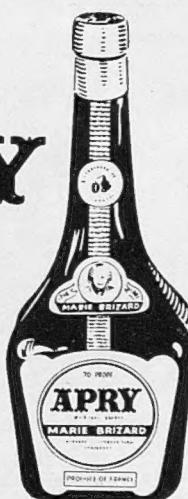
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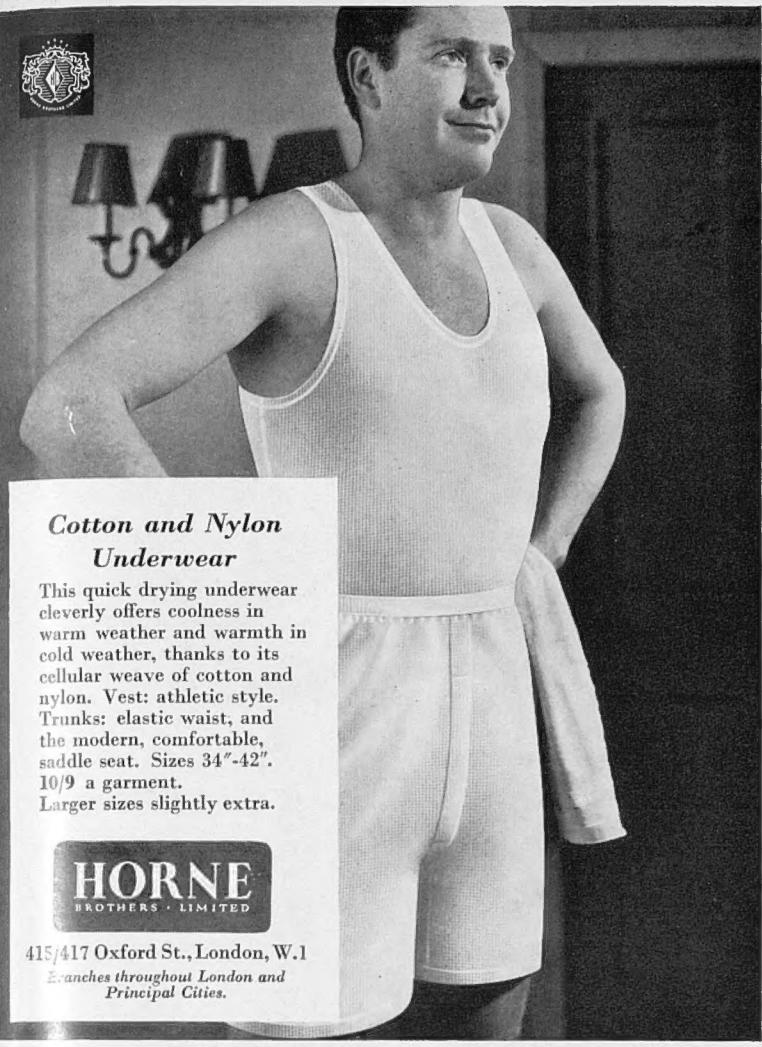
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